JOHN BULL, week ending July 11, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1882

3D EVERY THURSDAY

NOW IS THE TESTING TIME by A.G.G.

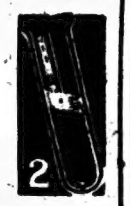
BIGGEST BLUFF OF THE WAR

NO MORE MOONSHINE! by the EDITOR

Your soap ration will go twice as far with

MAZO

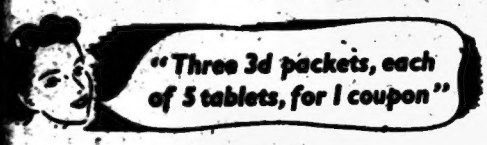
SOAP ENERGIZING TABLETS



Here is positive proof that Mazo doubles the lather and cleansing energy of soap. Compare the test-tubes containing the same amount of soap, and see how Mazo in test-tube No. 1 increases the quantity of lather.

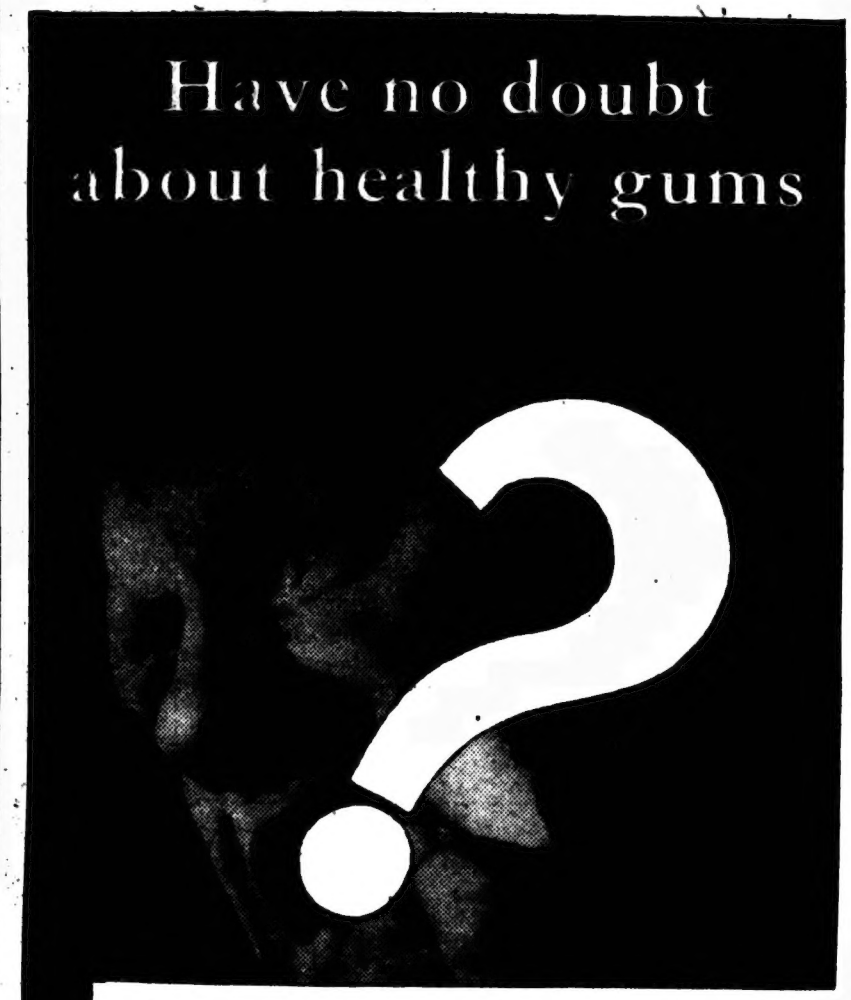
THINK what this means! With Mazo your soap ration goes twice as far and your work is easier. Simply crumble Mazo tablets into the water before the soap is added. You'll be amazed at the masses of richly energized suds you get. Suds which save work because of their extra cleansing power. Suds that care gently for even the most delicate garment. Get Mazo today—it's so safe, so wonderfully efficient.

add MAZO to get extra cleansing energy from soap



SELLING AGENTS: T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., STRATFORD, E.15

Have no doubt about healthy gums



Blood on your toothbrush is a sure danger sign. Use 'S.R.' Toothpaste to remove this threat of gum-bleeding (gingivitis) and gum-rot (pyorrhœa). 'S.R.' contains the dentist's own remedy for gum diseases—Sodium Ricinoleate. It safeguards the gums—safeguards the teeth, too.

New Size **1/3** *including tax*

★ Return all empty metal tubes to your retailer and help the ★ RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND

protect gums as well as teeth with

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

GR 116-T98-60

D. & W. GIBBS LIMITED, LONDON

KEEPS WAR WORKERS "FIGHTING FIT"

Keep STEAM UP for your own War effort

Your will to win depends upon your power to endure. Weetabix brings you, in delicious, easily digested form, the complete goodness of wheat, the most nutritious of all nature's gifts to mankind. Weetabix is the whole of the wheat and retains in full measure all the vital vitamins and mineral salts which make wheat the most valuable of all cereals. It can be eaten at any time and anywhere and its sustaining quality has been acclaimed by war workers everywhere.

Weetabix

More than a breakfast food

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

Small Size 2 ounces 7½d. Double Size 4 ounces 1¼d.

W.K.5

diphtheria is DEADLY

Have your child Immunised FREE — the sooner after the first birthday the better

Ask at your Council's Offices or Welfare Centre

protect your child

Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

B.5

So now you

DRINK

the glass and a half of Milk

It is some time since Cadburys had milk for their chocolate, and their supplies of Milk Chocolate are now exhausted. So Milk Chocolate, for the moment, must say 'Farewell.' The milk goes on your doorstep now — half-a-million pints a day of it to help your children's health!

ISSUED BY

CADBURYS

FROM BOURNVILLE — the Factory in a Garden

Excuse me— INNER CLEANLINESS comes first for Health

Inner Cleanliness with Andrews is the simple health rule. Millions rely on Andrews, the quality is always the same. Now one size only, 8 ozs. for 1/10½d, including purchase tax.

B.5

This Week's

FOOD FACTS

EXTRA EGGS!

Good news! Not only real eggs, but dried eggs! You will be able to buy a tin of dried eggs from the shops at which you are registered for shell eggs. Each tin is equal to 12 fresh eggs. These dried eggs are *extra* to your regular egg ration. The price will be 1s. 9d. the tin, so that each egg works out at 1½d. The egg is in powder form; it is pure fresh egg with nothing added and nothing taken away except shell and water. Already these should be enough in the shops to provide one tin for every household — and during the next few weeks there will be enough to provide one tin per ration book. There will be other distributions later on. Use these dried eggs for your main meal, or as a special treat for breakfast, tea, or supper. Give them to the children — for these dried eggs are a first-class body-building food and rich in protective vitamins. Here are some rules and recipes. *Cut them out and keep them by you.*

CHEESE PUDDING

Time: Preparation 15 minutes. Cooking 30 minutes. *Ingredients:* 2 eggs (2 level tablespoonfuls dried egg mixed with 4 tablespoonfuls water), ½ pint milk or household milk, 4 oz. grated cheese, 1 breakfastcupful of breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoonful dry mustard. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Add the milk to the egg mixture and stir in the other ingredients. Pour into a greased dish and bake for about 30 minutes till brown and set.

(*Gas-mark 5, Electric 425°F*)

The Recipe of the Week is demonstrated at Food Advice Centres, Gas and Electricity Showrooms and elsewhere. Look out for the "Pudding Bowl" Poster.

RULES FOR USING DRIED EGGS

1. Store in a cool, dry place and replace the lid of the tin after use.
2. To turn a dried egg into a fresh one, mix one level tablespoonful of the powder with two tablespoonfuls of water. This mixture equals one fresh egg.
3. Now treat the egg as you would a fresh one. Don't make up more egg than is necessary for the dish you are making. Beat as usual before adding to other ingredients.

Cake or Pudding Mixture

Time: Preparation 20 minutes. Cooking 15 to 20 minutes if baked, 1 hour if steamed. *Ingredients:* 1 egg (1 level tablespoonful of dried egg mixed with 2 tablespoonfuls of water), 4 oz. national flour, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. fat, ½ teaspoonful baking powder, a little milk or household milk. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Beat the egg. Cream fat and sugar, add egg and lastly the flour mixed with the baking powder. Mix to a soft consistency with a little milk. Spread in a tin and bake for 15 to 20 minutes. This mixture can be steamed in a basin for 1 hour and served as a pudding with jam or custard sauce.

FOOD FACTS No. 103. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

WOBBLY FALSE TEETH?

Try this Dentist's formula for holding a denture as steady as a rock. It's new—it's different. Get a tube of 'Dentesive' from your chemist. Squeeze a little on your plate—then forget you have one! Eat anything. Laugh and talk without hesitation—your plate stays rigidly in place, comfortably cushioned upon happy gums. 'Dentesive' is the improved and better type fixative now being recommended by thousands of Dentists. Guaranteed comfort and security.

Price 7½d. and 1/3.

Dentesive

WHY DOCTORS ADVISE LIQUID LAXATIVE

The sensitive lining of the stomach and bowels was never meant to be dosed with apotent chemicals and drugs in solid form. That is why the laxative you give your children or take yourself should always be in liquid form. It is safer and surer in action. This is one reason why doctors and nurses say give your child 'California Syrup of Figs'. Most nasty of all laxatives, this pure fruit product never fails to clean the system easily, painlessly, completely. Obtainable everywhere. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' Brand.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 11, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

JAM TO-MORROW

● **Mr. Lyttelton's promises will probably cheer Hitler more than the British people.**

But here, for what they are worth, are his statements on our war production:

"We are developing far more powerful anti-tank weapons." Their production "is expected to start very shortly."

More powerful tanks "are in course of development." Some of them "will shortly come into production."

And again, heavier tanks and anti-tank guns "will shortly come into production."

More General Grant tanks are now "arriving daily" in Egypt.

As for dive-bombers, "we can now turn them to account." A few have been delivered, "others are on the way." There will be "still more in the next few weeks."

Finally, he gives it as his "opinion" that we "are shortly going to surpass, in several important weapons, the equipment of the enemy."

Oddly, we seem to have heard all that before. Was it way back in 1940?

raight from the Shoulder

WE WANT ACTION

T is time to speak plainly. Public disquiet has increased, not lessened, since the Parliamentary debate a week ago.

For the people of this country are not fools.

They are not impressed by empty victories at Westminster. They want victories on the battlefield.

Cheers and Jeers

So the cheers in the Commons find no echo in Coatbridge or Chatham.

Fine phrases and meretricious metaphors cannot fool a nation that has been made bitterly aware of false judgments, inadequate preparations and incredible muddles in the control of the war.

Looking Ahead

This nation is not merely looking back to a sorry succession of major military defeats.

It is looking forward to the future—to the Western Front so often promised by Government spokesmen.

And it demands that so great a development shall not be compromised in advance by faulty preparations.

All Aboard

There is no blinking the fact that, after more than a thousand days of war and the expenditure of more than ten thousand million pounds, we sent our troops to battle in Libya with inferior tanks and inferior guns.

We have got to have superior tanks and superior guns to open a Second Front.

Above all, we must have the ships.

Keeping Mum

There has been a conspiracy of silence about shipping.

We know the position is grave—graver than at any time during the last war. We know because of facts and figures published in the United States but withheld from the British public.

Even the Minister of Production, whose terrible disclosures last week unwittingly made him the Cabinet's chief critic, said nothing about shipping. Even Mr. Churchill hurriedly said little about it.

Coming Debate

But the silence will soon be broken. The Government can no longer avoid a debate in Parliament on this thorniest and most vital of problems.

We are told that three ships a day are produced in the United States. A marvel of production—but is it even replacing losses?

Determined to Win

Let the Government realise this:

The public is shocked but not downhearted.

Its determination is not less than during the darkest days following Dunkirk. It is as confident in the war's outcome as in the breath-taking days of the Battle of Britain.

There are, indeed, solid reasons for confidence.

Powerful Factors

We know the greatness of our industrial output. We know it can be made greater yet.

We know that our Russian comrades-in-arms have clawed out vast chunks of the German hordes, that our American allies are arming at a fantastic rate, that patient China is holding fast.

While the reverse in Libya has prolonged the war and piled up our costs in lives and material, Britain must not only recover on this Front, but make her power felt elsewhere.

The United Nations have the means and the will to win.

Not Enough

But let not Britain's leaders believe that airy assurances, verbal vows and the V sign at Westminster will sustain us.

We have had too many assurances from them: assurances falsified by later events.

Now we want action.

Changes Wanted

Civilians and fighting men alike must have the knowledge that drastic changes are being made in the direction of the war.

Those changes must be made here in Britain.

Passing the Buck

The attempt to "blame the generals" has failed.

No doubt the generals have made mistakes. Britain does not rear many great generals. We did not have one in the last war; we have trained few of our present generals in the art of armoured warfare.

But it is not merely the tactics of our generals that has lost us battles. The trouble is more fundamental than that; it is a question of supreme strategy and supplies.

Reorganise!

There must be better direction from the top, rather than a constant swapping of generals during the heat of battle.

The generals must be given not only the men but the weapons with which to fight.

Modern weapons—not those of a previous campaign that have been found wanting.

Bayonets *v.* Tanks

Enough of those stories about 'bayonets breaking through a ring of steel"! The answer to an enemy tank is a real anti-tank gun—or another tank.

And that tank should not be so small that a man of ordinary size cannot get into it. Our anti-tank gun should not be so small that it is useful only at short range.

But if we are to have modern weapons and the ships with which to transport them, we must first have a thorough reorganisation of the system that allocates them.

Men to Back

That reorganisation must be made now.

First, there should be a new Minister or Directorate of Warfare. A man or organisation who will not merely plan an offensive but ensure that it will be backed by adequate supplies.

Combined Staff

Next, let us have a combined general staff.

It must be an organisation of men thinking in terms of the three Services and welding them into one effective unit.

Men who know that numerical superiority is not enough. Men who will not choose yes-men officers for the Western Front. Men not afraid of responsibility, who have nothing in their minds but the speedy winning of the war, who are not divided by inter-Service jealousies!

Sweep the Yards!

So with shipping. We must have a new organisation to produce the ships we need.

Admiralty control is suspect with the workers. It has proved unequal to the task of making good our prodigious losses.

A Ministry of Shipbuilding should be set up with unfettered responsibility and sweeping powers.

Co-operate

It should not merely "direct" the workers. It should co-operate with them.

Shipwrights are among the most highly skilled and highly intelligent members of the community.

They know why the yards are not working to maximum effect. They write to JOHN BULL with positive suggestions for stepping-up construction.

In future, they should be able to influence production.

Tell the Peoples!

At present, no branch of our war-effort is at its maximum.

As M.P.s have complained this week, as JOHN BULL has remarked on countless occasions, even our propaganda services are pigmies instead of the giants they should be.

If we are to prepare the peoples of Occupied Countries for the part they must play when we invade Europe, we must sustain and train them now.

Confidence-Worthy

There must, indeed, be a great and rapid mobilising of all our powers. If the Government is to retain the public's confidence for which it asks so often, it must show itself worthy of that confidence.

Promises and pleas will no longer placate the people.

No More Fooling

Promises that this or that would be done have so often been lightly given. Then, when a battle has been lost, it becomes apparent that nothing has been done.

The public does not look kindly on such fooling.

Preparing to Win

It demands a drastic and belated Spring-clearing in the highest councils of State.

It will be satisfied with nothing less.

Our fighting men must have the weapons and the ships and 'planes they need. They must be used in accordance with a strategy that allows for improvisation. And the workers must be able to produce all that is required.

Only thus shall we achieve victory.

(Continued overleaf)

THEY WENT TO THE RACES

● **Last week the Erith Council gave many of its workers a day's holiday, leaving only a skeleton staff in the council offices.**

That was very nice for the lucky ones. But there is a very nasty report going round the district that the council would be wise to counter by an official explanation.

It is said that the holiday-makers were conveyed to Newmarket for the races!

No doubt it is realised even in the council offices of Erith that petrol is scarce and valuable, and that brave seamen should not have to risk their lives for race-goers.

But councils elsewhere seem to have no qualms. Leicester allows twenty-four officials to claim extra rations for their cars, and as much as twenty and thirty gallons a month have been granted by the divisional petroleum officer.

In other towns, councillors drive to lunch and to the shops in official cars.

Ministry of Fuel, please note.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ALREADY the order against "luxury feeding" has become a fantastic farce—an insult to the public that demanded an end to personal extravagance.

It has increased the profits of many hotels. It has not decreased "dining-out." The spendthrift, if he has wines and other extras, can still spend £5 on his dinner.

Going Up

A Midlands hotel used to charge 7s. 6d. for dinner. Then Lord Woolton decided to limit prices. Now the hotel demands 5s. for dinner and 3s. for house charges.

Despite this increase, the dinner is inferior—"We can't give you the good food we'd like to now that we're restricted to 5s."

Not So Good

Some provincial hotels are charging 3s. extra for dining in a room where an orchestra is playing.

That's hard on soldiers who need a little brightness during their leave. One, who had an excellent meal with music and a glass of beer before the "austerity" order was issued, complains of having to pay 13s. for the same service recently.

Only the meal wasn't as good!

Giving Thanks

However, a JOHN BULL reporter travelling on an L.N.E.R. train from London to Leeds found the 2s. 6d. dinner—soup, joint, vegetables, and so on—the equal of a meal costing twice as much before the war.

The dining-car was first-class. But soldiers with third-class tickets flocked in, were served without fuss, and had a fine time.

If the dining-car staff was stretching a point, it deserves congratulations. If the L.N.E.R. was responsible, then we thank the company.

Food Wasted

No thanks are due to the official who caused indignant scenes at Bournemouth.

Bournemouth has had no mackerel this season. A Poole merchant went to Weymouth, bought 15,000 mackerel, and started to sell them in Bournemouth at 7d. a pound.

The news spread like wildfire; crowds gathered, and then officialdom stepped in with a "You can't do that there 'ere" edict. The fish were packed up and returned—lots being wasted in the process.

No Appeal

Officialdom, of course, says "No" to almost anything.

A soldier was invalided from the Army with a 40 per cent. pension, following an operation and pneumonia. Back at home, he was asked to do fire-watching.

He was quite agreeable, but his doctor refused consent, and gave him a certificate. Called before the hardship committee, he was told to stand outside while his case was considered. After a minute or two, a paper was pushed into his hand, refusing his application, and stating that he had no right of appeal.

As Usual

That is the usual procedure. The hardship committee, composed of a few local busybodies with no medical or legal training, usurps powers that a High Court judge is not allowed to possess.

It shows no mercy to semi-invalids, yet allows fit young men to shirk fire-guard duties. A National Service officer tells us that "it baffles him." It baffles everyone!

Rate Ramp

Whereas the Cornwall County Council just makes us sick. It is stepping up rate assessments—in some cases by 400 per cent.—despite the Government view that rate changes should be postponed till after the war.

Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Health, is noted for having the loudest voice in the Commons. We suggest he uses it at full blast to rebuke the Cornwall County Council.

No Rebate

As for income tax, the more its provisions are studied the more unimaginative they become. A reader's wife has suffered from temporary mental trouble since the birth of her baby a year ago. He has had to engage a housekeeper to look after them.

The housekeeper has been exempted from war work for the purpose. But no income tax rebate can be obtained in respect of her wages.

Who's to Blame!

The inspector of taxes cannot be blamed. He can only administer the law.

The revenue experts who advise the Chancellor, the M.P.s who pass income-tax legislation, must be held responsible. Surely it is not too much to hope they will show a little imagination at the next Budget—for the case we have quoted is by no means unique.

Long Tramp

Imagination! The word is unknown to some officials.

A sub-post office near Chelmsford is being shut. Old people will have to walk four miles, in scorching heat or wintry gale, to collect their old-age pensions.

A little imagination could devise a way by which a post office employee would visit the village every Tuesday and transact the business in half an hour.

Back and Forth

Here's another example of unnecessary inconvenience:

A farmer had fat sheep entered for slaughter. He had to get a licence to move them, for there was foot-and-mouth disease in the district.

The village policeman had to sign that licence, but could not issue it. So the farmer had to waste petrol in travelling five miles to a town where the permit was issued, and then bring it back for the policeman to sign!

Twenty Miles

Besides, a lot of petrol is still deliberately wasted.

Some 200 or 300 gallons are squandered at one Royal Ordnance Factory every week.

'Buses take the workers from the factory station to the factory gates. On every trip, four or five 'buses are sent empty and return empty.

Divided Control!

Though they never go more than two miles on the regular trips, they are sent empty to a town ten miles distant in order to fill up with petrol, though there's a petrol pump at the factory!

Is the explanation simply that though the vehicles are State-owned the service is managed by a local 'bus company *which is paid on mileage?*

Round-about

Lorries pass a reader's house all day, bringing coal to a factory from a pit five miles away.

Yet coal of the same quality could be obtained from a pit 300 yards from the factory!

Another Blunder

Moreover, the issue of petrol permits is sometimes flagrantly unfair.

A Yorkshire market gardener, travelling ten miles to market, is allowed nine gallons every three months. A competitor with only three miles to travel is allowed twelve gallons, though both the cars are of the same rating.

In the same area, motorists are allowed nine gallons for shopping.

Harvest Help!

Nor is labour being wisely apportioned. Welsh rescue squads tell us they are "tired of loafing, card-playing, and reading."

They want to know why they couldn't help with the harvest. There is, of course, no reason why they shouldn't—except that the idea hasn't occurred to officialdom, and probably never will.

Sacked

Again, thirty people who have been making tails for 500-pound bombs have been sacked because the firm's contract has expired. Their release has been granted by the Ministry of Labour.

But they haven't been fixed up with other jobs.

More Muddling

Then there's the case of a young fellow passed A 1 for the Navy. He's an assistant stock-keeper at present; the recruiting officer says he must therefore enter the Navy as a canteen rating!

Why not let the Wrens hand out buns and release fighting-fit men for men's work?

Tribute

Yorkshire folk are supposed to put all their money in t'Yorkshire Penny Bank. Don't you believe it!

A general up there tells us that not one of his thousands of troops is without a "home from home" where he can get real family comfort whenever he calls.

The general has commanded in many counties. He says Yorkshire is easily best for hospitality to soldiers.

Arms for the H.G.

But—as we expected—our reference to the over-equipment of the Home Guard has brought sarcastic protests from some H.G. companies who complain of *under*-equipment.

And some are stationed in pretty important areas. Not for the first time, we suggest that Lord Bridgeman should satisfy himself that factory H.G. units are not neglected.

Gone Broke!

It would also be satisfactory to learn that spare parts can be obtained for one make of fire pump bought at the outbreak of war.

Or is it true that the firm that manufactured them has been allowed to become bankrupt?

Dirty Subject

All our Civil Defence services will share a grievance felt by some Durham first-aid men.

They suggest first-aid for their blankets, which were supplied eighteen months ago and have never been washed.

We suggest that the Ministry of Home Security should remind all A.R.P. chiefs of the need for hygiene.

Bread or Pap!

Our last word concerns the omissions not of officialdom but of private interests.

Plainly, many bakers are still not troubling to learn how the new standard bread should be mixed. So it is either soggy or crumbling.

When well mixed, it makes a really first-class loaf, and bakers would be wise to see that it is as it should be. Otherwise, they may lose their customers.

Behind the News

- **Rommel's promotion to Field-Marshal was made to remove friction between him and Kesselring. As a Marshal himself, Kesselring refused to take orders from a lower-rank officer, so Rommel's supreme command of the battlefield was always in doubt.**

- *Food position in Finland has deteriorated so rapidly that Marshal Mannerheim is worried lest the people revolt. Hitler's "help" is to dispatch more Nazi Black Guards to Finland.*

- Germany's war industry is frantically trying to "dig in." In several areas children, aged men and women are helping to build underground factories against air attack.

- **Few anti-aircraft preparations had been taken in Austria; general overhaul of A.A. defences and civil defence installations has now been ordered.**

- *Death of Huehnlein, Nazi transport expert, has opened the way for Krauss as his successor. Krauss is so ruthless a terrorist that even his intimate friends fear him.*

- To support their warning of smaller rations, Nazis have begun a campaign advertising the benefits of slimming!

- **Effects of B.B.C. and U.S.A. broadcasts to Axis satellites have begun to alarm the Nazis. They demand confiscation of all short-wave sets, concentration camp penalties for listening.**

- *Laval's declared wish for Nazi victory has started a new wave of antagonism in France and North Africa. Colonial governors have told him that it has hampered their "collaboration" efforts.*

- South American states have agreed on combined action against U-boats; no Axis sympathiser may live or travel within fifty-five miles of the coast, or possess a radio set.

- **Hitler's threat to Brazil has cut no ice. You can expect some sensations soon.**

- *Jap gains in East Indies are proving too rich! Losing their raw materials, the natives have no money now to buy Jap goods—and Japs have no other world markets.*

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Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

NO MORE MOONSHINE

AFTER three years of war we still lack much of the equipment vital to victory.

This revelation emerging from last week's "confidence" debate, is one of the most disturbing jolts we have had to take.

All the more so because of repeated assurances by the Government that production was satisfactory!

Now we have the proof that these solemn statements were as flimsy and false as the promises of victory given to us at the start of every battle from Narvik to Tobruk.

There has been too much moonshine. We are sick of it and will tolerate no more.

We want realism—and we must get it.

We are determined that never again shall a British army be flung into battle with inferior arms.

No longer shall the tragedy of Dunkirk be twisted into an excuse for later defeats and present blunders.

More than two years have passed since Dunkirk—time enough to harness our vast industrial plants to the manufacture of *modern* weapons.

And yet, in this third year of war, we are condemned to fight battles with out-of-date arms!

Mr. Lyttelton's speech, the highlights of which are tabulated on page 3, makes it painfully clear that we have not got all the equipment needed to meet the enemy on equal terms.

Mr. Churchill, it is true, tried to soften the blow by quoting impressive figures of the weapons we have shipped to the Middle East.

But they cannot have it both ways.

If the quantity was there, the quality was not.

If we are to win battles, it will obviously not be enough to send a lot of arms somewhere, somewhen. The right stuff must be delivered at the right spot at the right time!

Clearly, that has not been done. Equally plainly, many essential weapons have not yet gone into prdouction.

How shall we get them? Not, you may be sure, by the passing of empty votes of confidence.

It is indeed a great pity that last week's searching inquiry should have degenerated into a question of "confidence in the Government" that choked the inquiry and obscured the real issue.

That issue—the only one that matters—is whether we are going to show the enemy that we mean business.

When, in other words, are we going to take the offensive? When, in yet other words, are we going to give our fighting men the chance they deserve?

WE know there is nothing wrong with the spirit of our Fighting Forces. We all know they have proved their valour and their skill even when they have confronted overwhelming odds.

The Battle of Britain was a proof. So were the glorious actions of the River Plate and Narvik.

The *Altmark* rescue, the St. Nazaire raid, the reconquest of Abyssinia, the first Libyan campaign, and a dozen other unforgettable achievements by our air, sea and land forces have shown that the nation's fighting qualities are as good as in the days of Drake or Wellington.

Nor is there anything wrong with the spirit of the civil population.

Men, women and even the children stood firm against the heaviest of "blitzes." They will stand firm under any test.

But our people should no longer be expected to take punishment without returning blow for blow.

Moreover, in this third year of war that has demanded from them the utmost endeavour and the heaviest sacrifices, the people have a right to demand that our blows are now far heavier than the worst the enemy can do!

By every means in our power we need to attack.

Attack not merely on one sector but on many sectors of the World Front! Attack with all our might! Above all, attack now!

But obviously we cannot strike our hardest until we are properly equipped.

"Shortly" may be too late. We are faced by the all-out effort of a desperate enemy who seeks to stab us to the heart while we leisurely prepare to deal with him "at our convenience."

Let us make no mistake about that.

If we are to survive, there must be a day-and-night effort *now* to provide all we lack.

Such an effort has already saved us once in this war.

Remember how, after Dunkirk, work was carried on continuously by relays. Remember how craftsmen—and women—slept besides their machines so that they should lose no time in restarting their labours after a brief rest.

But the Government must remember something too.

It must not forget its own duty to the workers and the fighting men it serves.

If we are to make a new urgent and terrific effort, it must be to provide weapons of the right kind.

And in this respect our leaders have been convicted of negligence and delay.

There has been delay between the settling of weapon designs and the beginning of manufacture.

There has been negligence in the approving of those designs.

Otherwise, how could orders be given for tanks that have proved unreliable in performance? Otherwise, how could we still be waiting for dive-bombers, aircraft capable of using the heaviest type of torpedo, and efficient anti-tank guns?

No excuse can be made for these shortcomings. No excuse is possible for the continued muddle and delays in our production departments.

Last March, a report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure exposed that bungling.

It made careful and detailed recommendations for reorganisation.

That report was ignored. Its recommendations have been pigeon-holed.

AN M.P. who is one of the world's greatest scientists—Professor A. V. Hill—has long urged that a department of mechanical design should be represented on a joint military staff.

An obvious need, you may say What more obvious, indeed, that the general staff should have expert advice on the types of tanks and other weapons it wants?

Yet Professor Hill might as well have cried for the moon!

In spite of sneers, the enemy's moves have been made according to plan. We need to plan also.

We must plan the whole direction of the war, the supply of weapons and munitions, the part that each of us can play in defeating the enemy.

Already the war has been lengthened by our leaders' slender hope of "muddling through." It may now be inordinately lengthened if they continue to ladle out soothing syrup instead of ruthlessly planning and preparing for a mighty offensive.

Let us step up our war effort to its highest pitch—and let us begin the job of beating the Axis!

When an Old Soldier Passes On

THERE are soldiers who regard themselves as tiny cogs in a giant machine. There are a few misguided commanding officers who encourage such views.

They should all read this touching little tribute to the British Army by the soldier son of an "Old Sweat" who died the other day.

★ ★ ★

God knows the poor old Leicesters have had a pretty tough time in this war, as they did last time.

Their losses have been such that you could forgive them if they forgot an old-timer who left them as long ago as 1908.

When you lose fifteen times your normal peace time strength in the course of a couple of wars you expect the regimental gratitude to an old soldier of forty, fifty years ago to become a little bit dimmed.

But it doesn't. The British Tommy isn't quite the tiny atom the barking of the sergeant-major may make him think.

My father, writes a JOHN BULL reader, joined the Leicestershire Regiment before the Burma War.

He helped to conquer, bit by bit, that heat-stricken country which lads just as brave as those who served with him have had to yield to a cunning enemy.

He endured sieges and forced marches in the South African campaign. Add a few minor scraps, and that was his Army career, that ended in 1908—a career in which he never reached commission rank.

He went back to his regiment in the last war. But he was too old for fighting. They pushed him into a non-fighting job in the R.A.F.

He hated that. He felt it broke his link with his old regiment. He drifted away from the Leicesters in consequence. He felt, somehow, that he could no longer expect them to remember him.

He never communicated with headquarters. He never joined the Old Comrades' Association. He felt they would remind him of war service that had not been for "the regiment."

Well, he died the other day, in the midst of another war.

★ ★ ★

We kept very, very quiet about his death. We didn't want people to send flowers. We didn't want to force expenditure on heavily taxed people. We knew he wouldn't have wished it.

But somehow the news reached the Leicestershire Regiment.

On the day we buried him we received such a wreath as you will see only on Cenotaphs. It was immense. It was a blaze of flowers. And it was slashed across with one huge, silk ribbon in the colours of the Leicestershire Regiment.

On it—with a sacred little message which I need not mention—were the words: "From the Colonel of the Regiment."

And with it was a wreath from the Old Comrades' Association he never joined.

We know that if we had wanted a last heartbreaking tribute from a firing party of his old regiment—which we did not—we could have had it.

★ ★ ★

And if his widow, my mother, had wanted help—which again she did not—we could undoubtedly have had that, too.

I will add this: that the tribute I pay at this moment to one unit of the British Army I could pay to them all.

The new recruit, entering the barracks for the first time, may feel less than the dust.

It isn't true. No private firm would remember with such love and gratitude a man who has served it long and well.

I would have those who lose husbands and sons and brothers remember this. Names may perish on stone—but on the records of a man's Regiment or Corps, never.

OPEN LETTERS

SOME COMMANDING OFFICERS
Somewhere in Britain

DEAR SIRS,—Certainly I shall expect no more Singapores, Tobruks or Mersa Matruhs, so revolutionary is your plan to increase the Army's fighting efficiency.

You have ordered all soldiers in your depots to salute A.T.S. officers, and all junior Army officers to salute senior A.T.S. officers.

What gallantry! What a tribute to British composure that, despite terrible losses in the field, commanding officers at the base should have time enough to devise new compliments!

And what a preparation for the Western Front!

No doubt your innovation, had it been devised earlier, would have sustained our men in Libya when they were being dive-bombed, out-gunned and out-tanked.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS, Llandudno

GENTLEMEN,—Vested interests are as powerful in seaside resorts as in the City of London. No doubt your citizens realise it.

They have been trying since 1940 to get a British Restaurant. They have filled the town hall to demand it. They have sent you a deputation which you refused to meet; they have the backing of the Ministry of Food.

Yet you have the brazen cheek to declare they haven't established their case.

I suggest you come out into the open and advertise Llandudno as the Paradise of Private Profit-makers.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JAMES LITHGOW, Bt., Controller of Merchant Shipbuilding

DEAR SIR,—At one famous shipyard all the slipways are used for naval work except one reserved for 12,000-ton cargo vessels.

The men say darkly that this exception is planned to stop them from getting Admiralty rates of pay—are they right?

The keel of the ship in this slipway was laid six months ago. Now it is rusting, for not a man has worked on it for months.

The men say we need every ship we can possibly build—dare you say they are wrong?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. HINDS, Hoe Street, Walthamstow

DEAR READERS,—With my congratulations on the fifty-fourth anniversary of your wedding, please accept my sincere wishes for the future.

It was kind of you to express your own happiness by a cheque for a charity I organise; I must thank you also for your message of Godspeed for my "great work of love to suffering humanity."

May you retain health and prosperity to enjoy many, many more years of mutual happiness!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. THOMAS JOHNSTONE, M.P., Secretary for Scotland

DEAR SIR,—Are Scots doing their utmost to open a Second Food Front?

The answer is "No"—because many of them are hamstrung by the selfish rich.

Rt. Hon. C. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Minister of Fuel

DEAR SIR, — While you threaten to prosecute people for wasting fuel, gas and electricity companies are penalising people for *not* wasting it!

Consumers in all parts of the country have heeded the Government's appeal to save current and gas.

Now they find they have not burned the minimum amount stipulated by the suppliers and are ordered to pay the difference.

What will they do in future—be economical and pay for what they save, or be wasteful and get their money's worth?

I'm afraid the temptation will be to use fuel rather than make a present to wealthy supply companies.

Unless, of course, you intervene by abolishing the temptation and its anti-social consequences.

I am surprised you have not already done so; for I have twice called attention to this preposterous anomaly. Surely you will not need a fourth reminder?

The truth is that your fuel economy scheme is half-baked and indigestible.

You are recruiting thousands of "fuel waste enforcement officers"—a cumbrous title typical of Whitehall's muddled thought—to snoop around offices, factories and flats.

They would be better employed in operating a *simple* rationing scheme that would guarantee economy in fuel. Whereas the results of the present makeshift are highly problematical.

No, you must introduce a little sense into your new Ministry's operations.

And you must do so before making fresh appeals to a public that may be fined if it doesn't obey you and penalised by private interests if it does!—JOHN BULL.

The great sporting estates in the Highlands are still undeveloped. "Keep Out" notices still clutter the hillsides.

Five smallholders agreed to devote their 1,067 acres to crops. To keep their stock, they tried to rent some near-by grazing land on a ducal estate.

Instead, they were offered a distant plot quite unsuitable for their purpose. They protested; your Department of Agriculture sided with the duke.

So the scheme fell through and the country is all the poorer.

You didn't fear Power and Privilege in the old days. What's stopping you from hitting out now?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P., Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—Marching proudly into a post office, a small boy handed in a bag of threepenny bits and halfpence to buy 23s. worth of war savings stamps.

"Take it home; I've no time to count it," said the clerk, and that boy has decided not to save any more.

A pity. I suggest you impress upon your staff the need for a little discretion when dealing with youthful patriots.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., Ministry of Home Security

DEAR MADAM,—Here's something to perplex and anger you:

By official order, 4,000 gas-mask face pieces are being burned at a Midlands factory.

I know I can rely on you—if there is still time—to see that the rubber is saved for salvage.—JOHN BULL.

A.R.P. ORGANISER, Somerset County Council

DEAR SIR,—You should go far as a business man—perhaps as far as Whitehall.

A reader had to obtain a 6d. carton for his child's gas-mask. You spent 2½d. on sending him a large envelope containing a polite note, a long account printed on both sides of a foolscap sheet, and a 2½d stamp for his answer—an outlay of 5d., plus paper and labour, to collect 6d.

Alice could not have found a crazier business system in Wonderland.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, M.P., Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—"Browned off" to the limit of endurance are the Americans who volunteered to help us with radio-location and other technical developments last year.

They have had nothing to do for months—except perhaps make toys for officers' children. They might find a lot of useful work, but the Air Ministry refuses to transfer them to other Forces.

I have raised the matter before, but as you have avoided any mention to it I guess it must be a sore subject.

It is also a sorry scandal. Why not end it by letting the men go back to the States to join up for a real job of work?—JOHN BULL.

Ugly Woman's Beauty

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

SHE was fat, a monstrous figure of a woman. She reminded me of a map of the Russian Front—a twisting undetermined mass of bulges.

Her enormous legs bulged over the shoddy shoes; her cheeks hung pendulously, and her chins descended in rows to a neck which bulged like an extra low-pressure motor tyre.

She wasn't old. The boy with her—obviously her son, his features were cast in the same Semitic mould—was about five, a quiet, pale-faced youngster.

In happier times I might have derived some quiet amusement from the sight of this fat, panting, grotesque creature.

Yet she was to give me one of the few emotional jolts I've had in this war.

As she sat down opposite me in the carriage at Waterloo she pulled out of her handbag a wisp of handkerchief and dabbed furtively at a tear rolling out of the corner of her eye.

THEN she gazed at a soldier who was sitting in a train drawn up at the opposite platform. As our train pulled out she waved bravely at the soldier—then dried another tear that was coursing down the flabby cheek.

Behind her glasses I saw that her eyes were shining and misty. Her pudgy hand went out in a protecting gesture to her son. And so she sat, motionless, revealing little of the agony of her soul, until she got out of the train.

Two ignorant clods of girls sniggered when the woman got out. They saw something funny. I saw all the wrack and misery of war.

But the illuminating thought that came to me was—"Somebody loves her. She loves. That great, monstrous, inexpressibly ugly creature loves and is loved."

No two people react alike emotionally. I look unmoved on London's bombing scars; I helped to organise some parties for men maimed in France and forgot their sufferings in the braveness of their spirit; I have watched without undue sympathy thousands of couples say good-bye.

But the sight of that unhappy forlorn woman and her child upset me more than I dare admit.

I TRIED to visualise her loneliness. What a wrench the loss of her husband must be; what a rock of comfort and assurance he must have been to her in a sniggering, contemptuous world.

Women like that have few friends. Their lives, by virtue of the outward ugliness of their bodies, are circumscribed and lonely.

Only in their homes, and in the love of someone who sees deeper than external beauty, can they find at once a reason for their being and a refuge from the outside world.

That's why I saw in that woman the personification of woman, the martyr, the suffering victim of forces too vast, too bewildering for the mind.

Here was dumb misery, a dazed, questioning, a silent sacrifice.

And to my mind there came a quotation from Holmes. It may seem strange applied to a fat, ugly woman; but it isn't applied to the anguish in her eyes.

"How many women are born too finely organised in sense and soul for the highway they must walk with feet unshod."

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The Story Behind Biggest Bluff of the War

KNIGHTS OF THE SKIES—IV

At last can be told the tale of the biggest bluff of the war, and how it caused the *Luftwaffe* magazine, the *Eagle*, to publish details of a new British naval dive-bomber that didn't exist!

By MICHAEL CLOUD.

IT happened when the shipping situation had reached the state described in Whitehall documents as "grave."

There had been a sudden call for aircraft in another theatre of war. Certain big bombers could fly there in long hops.

But the agonised call was for fighters; and fighters had to go in ships.

And, for each shipload of fighters, ten shiploads of maintenance equipment and personnel.

The convoy bearing the aircraft had to be very heavily guarded.

Thus, at one stroke, our vital Atlantic shipping was robbed of most of its short-based fighters, and of more than 100,000 tons of ships, diverted elsewhere.

By bad luck, it happened that this coincided with some bottlenecks in ship-launching, and with the appearance in the Atlantic approaches of great shoals of new U-boats.

Food Ministry officials hurried gravely to Cabinet Ministers, and Cabinet Ministers to Downing Street. Telephones rang urgently in the Admiralty and the Air Ministry.

But we had no ships to send, no aircraft to spare.

The graph of merchant-ship sinkings showed a rise like the side of Mont Blanc.

Hitler made a jubilant speech—not the first he has made announcing his approaching final triumph, and probably not the last.

Newspapers in Britain gibed at him; but editors coming from confidential conferences knew how serious matters were.

From the Air Ministry rooms, out to air marshals and right down to the gossip of the R.A.F. messes, the rumour ran that merchant seamen were being drowned wholesale for lack of a few hundred patrol aircraft.

A certain wing commander who insists on anonymity went to an air vice-marshal with a suggestion. There was a conference at the Air Ministry.

A little later, a queer sight might have been seen on a number of coastal airfields.

They were wheeling out to the runways a number of old civil and communications machines that had fallen out of use, replaced by faster stuff.

No Bombs or Guns!

Tiger and Hornet Moths, Spartans, and a few other types whose names belong to the Saturday-afternoon-flip days of peace when one went flying on a sunny day mainly to get away from the overcrowded roads.

These aircraft had not a gun between them, and they could not carry bombs. Not *real* bombs.

Hilarious youths in flying kit loaded aboard a good number of the little practice smoke-bombs that make a nice black smudge when they go off, but are not meant for real business.

Some of these young men took revolvers with them, too.

Otherwise, their machines were unarmed.

None of these aircraft could stay in the air for more than 2½ hours, even when R.A.F. bowsers had filled them with juice so that it almost ran out of the pilots' ears!

And then this motley flying armada took off, with the fat and dignified manner familiar to anyone used to pre-war flying fields, and headed out to sea.

Moth 'planes, Tigers and Hornets, Spartans and a few other types whose names belong to the Saturday-afternoon-flip days, were rounded up into an "armada" that frightened the Germans out of their wits!

At that time, the U-boats were beginning to throw their weight about.

They had realised that the skies were free of the deadly drone and the thunderbolting bomb that chiefly protected the Atlantic approaches. So they put frills on their work.

Jeering Germans

They surfaced, after torpedoing ships, and exchanged war gossip, pleasantries, boasts and cynicisms with the sailors climbing grimly into their little boats.

They boarded certain sinking ships to get fresh foods, and perhaps do a bit of looting.

The first aircraft of what has now gone down in R.A.F. history as the Scarecrow Patrol interrupted such a scene.

A big German officer and half-a-dozen men had gone aboard a sinking freighter, helped themselves to stores, and were jeering at British merchant seamen pulling away from their broken ship, when a biplane came out of some low cloud.

It bore R.A.F. rondels beneath the wings, and it tilted over its nose and came down the chute like a very small dive-bomber.

The U-boat standing off idly awaiting the return of its men from their piracy expedition did not ask questions.

It crash-dived so swiftly that two sailors lolling in the conning tower were washed off into the sea.

Some of the merchantman's boats had been smashed when she was torpedoed. The rest were already heavily overcrowded.

The ship wallowed over, and sank, with a huge gulp of air and a fountain of spray. The goggling Germans on her decks were washed off.

None of them could be picked up, so they sank.

A Hornet Moth somewhere west of Northern Ireland sighted a U-boat cruising along on the surface. The Moth put her nose down and dived straight at the submarine.

These U-boats carry powerful anti-aircraft quickfirers. If this one, or any other, had waited and tried to make a fight of it, the unarmed aeroplanes of the Scarecrow Patrol would have been as helpless as mayfly against leaping trout.

But the Germans had not the nerve to wait.

The bluff worked, and young pilots, screaming with laughter, pelted the crash-diving monsters with tiny smoke-bombs as they sank down, terrified, under the grey depths of the waves.

This particular Moth saw its quarry dive, saw great oily air-bubbles come bursting up one after another, and then, as it cruised exultantly round, saw three German seamen's caps float to the surface.

Was it a kill?

No one will ever know. Sometimes, submarines discharge oil and caps through torpedo-tubes, to deceive surface or air attackers into leaving the place, assuming that their work is do
But this boat dived at a very dang
ous angle, and may have damaged
hull or mechanism in going down. It
easy enough to do, as any submar
man will tell you.

Any engine-fault developing in
single-engined, antiquated aircraft
the Scarecrow Patrol would have me
death in the water. Hardly a hope i
million.

The *Luftwaffe* magazine ponderou
described the use by the British of a
biplane dive-bomber, for submarine
warship attack.

The speed of the new dive-bomber
estimated by U-boat captains as betw
250 and 300 m.p.h.

It was stated to carry a large bo
load, entirely internally stowed, and
be fitted with dive brakes of an unus
pattern.

An air cannon was said by some
boat personnel to fire through the
screw hub.

Whether they mistook the lit
smoke-bombs flung by hand for
cannon shells or lance-bombs, they w
evidently made nervous by them.
none of these unarmed aircraft co
exceed 150 m.p.h.

Not One Waited

Not one single U-boat waited to
pute matters with their unarmed op
nents. Probably they had learned
viously, with real fighting aircraft, t
delay meant destruction.

The sea-lanes near the coast w
cleaned of U-boats for a while.
wolf-packs moved out into the
Atlantic, where we had more adequ
ways of dealing with them.

No one knows how many hundreds
merchant seamen's lives, or how ma
thousands of tons of food, were saved
the Scarecrow Patrol.

Possibly they turned the tide of
grave period of war.

When the R.A.F. "regulars" ca
back on the job again, they quarrel
bitterly with the Scarecrows.

"You've terrified our U-boats!" t
grumbled. "The damn things cra
dive now when they see a seagull,
alone an aeroplane.

"We can't get near enough to bo
them. It's a wicked shame!"

THEY'RE TOUGHER THAN TANKS

PERCHED on the leather seat of a big caterpillar tractor, a riding lumberjack takes the roughest ride of all.

A fir log, 4 ft. through, is tangled in a Scottish canyon. In the toughened hands of a grinning lumber hero, the tractor slams up the canyon-side, muttering. Swift steel cable clinches the timber and it rips and roars down through the gulley.

Tank charges are thrilling, but wilder driving is everyday stuff to the timber men. Climbing impossible grades, smashing through forests, every log makes a cudgel to whack the Nazis.

In the last war, two-thirds of our national forests had to be sacrificed.

What is happening in the woodlands to-day can be gauged by 5,000 Canadian lumberjacks enlisted in the Sawdust Fusiliers. And thousands of women have been recruited into the Timber Corps.

★ ★ ★

Cutting the trees to ankle-high closeness, they're running 15 mills, and producing 17,000 ft. of timber a day from each!

This means that one group of these busy workers save a ship a day, seven ships a week, thirty a month from being wasted on the North Atlantic.

What are you doing in the wood war—compared with them? Even if you are doing an even more important job there is one way you can do still more.

Waste paper salvage is helping to eke out our timber. It makes the work of the Timber Corps go farther.

An old book sacrificed is worth
weight in wood. Every ton of pape
town can save will equip nearly 500,
mortar bombs with washers.
weight of this paper can produce 60,
aero-engine dust-covers.

So save it for salvage. And
something more.

Even children can help by turning
their toy cupboards.

Many, indeed, are already help
regularly in the war effort.

An old "Annual" will make a
Cross Box for a prisoner-of-war pa
or a scrap album could be turned
12 pairs of heel slippers for Army bo

★ ★ ★

Should you see any waste thro
wickedness ignorance, or stupid
write and let us know.

Though we cannot undertake
answer letters, you may rest assu
that they will be passed on to
appropriate authority, so that offi
action may be taken with as little de
as possible.

HELP THE RED CROSS

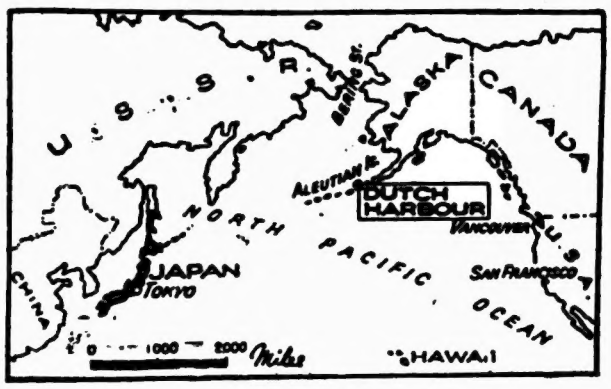
Some of the most remarkable
photographs will be on view at
Exhibition at Dorland Hall, Reg
Street, London, from July 31
August 29.

The Exhibition, which is being org
ised by "Illustrated," will be open d
between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., Admiss
1s. All proceeds are to go to the
Cross Penny-a-Week Fund.

★ NEW BATTLEFIELDS—I.

War, swirling over the whole world, is throwing up new battle grounds—some at places scarcely heard of before. In this series a widely travelled writer will tell you about them.

By HAROLD A. ALBERT



When you hear that the Japs have landed on an Aleutian island don't forget there are one hundred and fifty, stretching for more than a thousand miles

It's Fast Work in the Aleutians

WHEN four small Jap bombers streaked from an aircraft carrier and headed for Dutch Harbour, No. 1 target of the Aleutians, Ma Buxton picked up a picture paper and strode into the air raid shelter under her grocery store with an "I-told-you-so" smile.

Later, when the Japs had smashed up a few log-cabins and a sewage pipe, the locals talked less of the bombs than of how Ma Buxton had been right all along.

Living in the mist-wreathed corner of the world where Arctic and Pacific waters meet, Ma Buxton built what was probably the first raid shelter of World War 2 way back in 1937.

"Mebbe they didn't show you maps of the Arctic Circle at school," she'd tell her customers.

"If they had ye'd know we're dead centre for any bombing flight between Tokio an' San Francisco. We're only 800 miles from Japan . . .

"Sure," she'd continue. "An' the top of the world bein' flat, like an orange, makes us as near to London as Noo York, reckonin' in straight lines of flyin' across the North Pole.

They All Laughed

"Mark my words, if the yellow devils make trouble, we'll have British bombers flying here one day en route to bomb the Japs into splinters. . . ."

Her listeners laughed. That was before U.S.A. Congress decided to spend £30,000,000 in making Alaska and the Aleutians one of the strongest places on earth.

"We're too important to be left alone," she'd say. That was before Flying Fortresses were thought of.

Since then, fleets of steel-prowed icebreakers have been at work dynamiting a north-west passage.

Thousands of Doughboys have descended like ants on the rain-swept hills, biting gun emplacements out of the mud, weaving barbed wire and Uncle Sam's deadliest mines along the yellow volcanic cliffs.

When U.S. Secretary Seward bought Alaska and the Aleutians from Russia seventy-five years ago he knew he was getting a bargain in furs and fishing.

He did not realise he was buying an ice-pack Gibraltar.

Gold Rush Days

On Saturday nights, when the pile-driver guys talk to Ma Buxton, they can scarcely believe that four years ago Dutch Harbour was a ghost town.

"Where they've built a new causeway," she says, "there used to be an old pier. I've seen it jam-packed with men waiting for ships to take them northwards to Nome, in gold rush days."

Ma Buxton's windows, the one clear day in one hundred wet ones, used to look out at seven steam-puffing volcanoes. There wasn't much else to see, except mountains and glaciers.

Across the way, Blackie's Bar was the only "pub" for 1,000 miles. Now it advertises "Cocktails—Cabaret" to keep pace with competitors.

These past two years, ships and heavy-laden bombers have poured men, munitions, machines, steel and whisky into the Aleutians.

They've slowed up on the whisky since the army commanding officer started boxing bouts with free refreshments; but the ships still come.

A trader jumped into the ring one night and told his audience why he thought they were there.

"We fur traders," he shouted, "we play fair an' coddle our baby seals. Then, jest afore they're full grown, the dirty Japs steal in an' poach 'em. We're here to stop it!"

"We're here for more'n that!" the huskies yelled.

Workmen in the States heard that the wages for shovel running on Unalaska, the Dutch Harbour island, ran to £40 a week. That started a second gold rush.

Mammoth Bones

While politicians were spouting of Wake Island and Guam, U.S. soldiers were volunteering for Aleutian Islands special duty, though it would mean months of digging gopher holes, and maybe uncovering mammoth bones.

They knew the North was the place that was going to matter.

At first, the civilians were housed in old steamers refitted as floating camps.

Many of the old tubs broke loose from their moorings one night of gale and piled on the beaches, but—ballasted and bedded in concrete—they stayed in use.

The troops slept in tents through the stabbing blizzards of all the first winter.

They gritted their teeth and knew they had to endure it. The Nazis before Moscow had a picnic in comparison.

They defeated time and fatigue.

They hand-hauled the concrete-mixers over the hills. They blew up the mountains with dynamite.

They dumped every pound of dirt into the sea lest tell-tale mounds should help the enemy flier.

As they sank powder magazines they hauled out the fossil skeletons of prehistoric Aleuts.

Owing to the absence of trees or any other camouflage, every gun had to be sunk in the hard rock under the mud.

The engineering ingenuities went farther.

"Say, I thought we'd be frozen up," said a bulldozer from the Pacific.

But Dutch Harbour is ice-free all the year round.

Statistics are guarded. Just to give you an idea, there's a single mess-hall that can take 2,500 troops at a sitting.

Ma Buxton, meanwhile, has turned over her store to cost-price goods for the hard-hitting fliers who have come north to meet the Japs—men like Ed O'Hare, who downed five Japs at Pearl Harbour, and Lou Hanson, who shot down seven in seven minutes.

When you hear that the Japs have landed on an Aleutian island, don't forget there are 150, stretching for more than 1,000 miles, some cynically disregarded by the Americans.

And nobody needs to be a strategist to realise what the Aleutians mean to the United Nations as an iron chain of stepping-stones across an important part of the Pacific.

Yet the Japs are now perched precariously on the two stepping-stones at the end, upon unfortified Attu, useful only as a weather station, and lonely Kiska, useful as a U-boat hide-out only.

Even there they are constantly menaced by American naval forces stealing up through the fog banks.

"Land's sakes!" said Ma Buxton. "It isn't as if we are alone. Look'ee at Alaska, jest behind us.

"They found a mountain top in their way. They gave it two twenty-ton doses of dynamite.

"Down at Washington they paid a big bill for clearing the spruce stumps out of the hillsides. They were much more surprised when a second bill arrived for clearing a second big lot of spruce stumps.

"But it turned out that under the first lot they found all the roots of a centuries-old buried forest.

Important Key

"Sure, we have got tough teeth here in the Aleutians. And we wanted them, too."

The Aleutians, in fact, have "all that it takes." . . . They are a possible key to much that is all-important.

The Aleutians, all the same, are the probable key to next year's—perhaps this year's—battleground.

And perhaps Ma Buxton is right about that short route for British bombers to Japan, direct across the Pole.

NOW

FIRST essential is to face the naked facts unflinchingly. We have suffered a defeat formidable in itself, but still more formidable in what it foreshadows.

Long ago General Smuts prophesied that the decisive clash of the war would come in the Middle East, and ever since Hitler turned from the West to the East his strategy has had a single aim.

Thwarted in his direct attack on Britain, he set out, like Napoleon in 1798, to bleed us white in the Middle East, with Egypt as the immediate objective and India as his ultimate goal.

HIS SCHEME WAS TO CRUSH US BETWEEN THE JAWS OF A VAST PINCER MOVEMENT, ONE CLAW CLOSING IN FROM EGYPT, THE OTHER FROM THE BALKANS AND THE CAUCASUS.

But the scheme involved one peril. The only other great military Power on the Continent lay on his left flank.

It was a Power with which he had signed a peace pact, but peace pacts are "scraps of paper" to Hitler. He decided that he must first sweep Russia from his path.

The result we know. At the end of a year the left claw of the pincers is still in the iron grip of Russia's heroic army.

Hitler's whole plan of campaign for the conquest of the Middle East has been put out of joint.

* * *

And it is in these circumstances that Rommel's bolt from the blue has brought the right claw of the pincers into violent and menacing action. The full significance of the bolt is apparent from a glance at the map.

Egypt has become a major battleground of the war. The Suez is in danger. Alexandria, our only naval base in the Eastern Mediterranean, is under attack.

If it should go, the key of the Middle East will fall from our hands.

Gallant little Malta is left isolated, a thousand miles from relief or support. The narrow sea between Sicily and Africa is now in almost unchallenged possession of the

Why Ruthless Runst

HITLER would give a lot if he knew where and when the United Nations will open the new European front against him. But he has few illusions about the problems which it will create for him.

★ ★ ★

Visions of the French collapse in 1940, the mass of worried, terrified civilians hindering military operations, are constantly before his eye. As is the nightmare of St. Nazaire, when the whole French population turned out to fight with the British Commandos.

That is why Hitler has chosen Runstedt to defend the new front.

Runstedt to Hitler is not only a brilliant military commander in the field. That would not be sufficient for the kind of job that faces him.

Hitler has every reason to remember one of Runstedt's qualities which, in his eye, qualifies him before every other German general for this particular task.

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IS THE TESTING TIME!

This is no time for smooth words. Still less is it a time for craven words. The grave change which has suddenly come over the aspect of the war is an imperious call to bold action and high courage

Says A. G. GARDINER

enemy, who can reinforce Rommel with a speed with which we cannot compete in our reinforcement of Auchinleck.

And east of Suez lies Palestine and Syria and the path to the oilfields of Persia.

* * *

It is not my purpose here to discuss the causes of this grave disaster. Many of them were due to facts over which we had no control.

For example, the vast sea distances of Egypt from our sources of supply and the betrayal of France, whose chief function at sea was the defence of the Eastern Mediterranean.

Some were due to our enormous commitments on many fronts. Could that great convoy to India have been diverted to Egypt how priceless would be its help against Rommel.

The thousands of tons of war material we have poured into Russia might have turned the scale in Libya.

The thousand bombers that shattered Cologne, Essen and Bremen might have been more effectively employed in smashing Rommel's supplies.

BUT WHO WILL SAY THAT WE SHOULD HAVE NEGLECTED INDIA? OR THAT WE SHOULD NOT HAVE FULFILLED OUR UNDERTAKINGS TO RUSSIA? OR THAT WE SHOULD NOT CARRY THE WAR INTO GERMANY?

Certainly not the clamorous advocates of a new front.

More assailable are the admitted failures in armaments—inferior guns, inferior armour, the absence of dive-bombers,

And on this subject I must ask a question already asked by the *Spectator*.

In the House of Lords on July 11, 1940,

GLITTERING PRIZES

(George Whitelaw's cartoon in the 'Daily Herald')

Lord Beaverbrook, then Minister of Aircraft Production, made an impressive speech on the magnitude of the orders for aircraft placed in the United States and of the sums expended there.

The Air Minister has since said that dive-bombers were ordered from America in July, 1940; so, presumably, they were included in the aircraft referred to by Lord Beaverbrook.

Deliveries, he said, were not only up to date, but ahead of it. That was in July, 1940.

Where, in July, 1942, are the dive-bombers? Who ordered them, and from whom? And where are they to-day?

When the time for inquests comes these are some of the questions which Lord Beaverbrook, who is taking so active a part behind the scenes to-day, will be asked to throw light on.

* * *

But the time for inquests has not yet come. We have a sterner and more imperative task in hand. It is to retrieve this disaster, as we have retrieved others from Dunkirk onwards.

It is to fire this nation with a new and more inflexible will to victory.

LET ME REPEAT WHAT I HAVE SAID BEFORE. BATTLES ARE WON IN THE FIELD, BUT WARS ARE WON IN THE SOULS OF THE PEOPLE WHO WAGE THEM.

What is our greatest asset in this conflict? It is our cause and our unity of faith.

We are fighting for the Freedom of Man against a conspiracy for the Enslavement of Man.

We have an undivided people, inspired by a single passion. So has Russia. So has America. So has China.

And as the peoples separately are, so are the nations collectively. They have no rival aim. They are fighting a holy war in which they are ready to sacrifice everything.

Contrast this flame of the spirit with the barbarous enemy. A Germany that the Murder Gang have conquered by crime.

An Italy seething with hatred of the tyrant Power to which the jackal Mussolini has betrayed her.

A France that lives only for the day of reckoning.

And around the central Satan, all the little peoples whom he has plundered, tortured and enslaved, nursing in secret their hope of deliverance and revenge.

What collective loyalty inspires the Axis? Germany and Japan love and trust each other as rival gangsters love and trust each other.

They know that, given a common victory over the civilised world, they will spring at each other's throat on the morrow.

* * *

Is not this a true analysis of the spiritual forces engaged in war? And if so, does it not follow that the morale of our peoples is the most decisive and indestructible advantage we have over the enemy?

That advantage we must preserve and intensify. Its hard core is the national unity we enjoy embodied in a leadership that commands the confidence of the nation.

It is a tribute to that confidence that the House of Commons should in the midst of such grave events as those in Egypt have reaffirmed so emphatically its faith in Mr. Churchill.

In this it most certainly reflects the feeling of the country.

Mr. Churchill has his defects: he is human, like the rest of us, and not a deity above restraint or criticism, like Hitler.

He has made mistakes: all wars are full of mistakes. The House of Commons fulfils its proper function in noting them and keeping the activities of his Government under ceaseless review.

But it has no doubt, any more than the country has, that in him it has an inspiration and a leadership, a spaciousness of outlook and a flexibility of mind that no other public man of our time could give in equal measure.

It shares Mr. Ernest Bevin's indignation at what he calls the wicked attempts of " certain newspaper millionaires to break our national unity by playing off Winston Churchill against his colleagues."

Those attempts have failed and will continue to fail while the nation stands solidly behind its leader and Mr. Churchill gives wise heed to the honest disquiets of Parliament.

* * *

I come back to the point from which I started. This is a time that tries men's souls. This is the hour when the unconquerable spirit of the nation must turn the scales of battle. It turned them after Dunkirk.

Then we were alone. Then we were well-nigh defenceless. Now we are armed. Now we have mighty Allies. Now we can face disaster with the confidence of recovery.

Let us stand firm. Let the brave men, our sons, our brothers, who are facing the perils of sea, air, and desert, know that the homeland they love stands like an impregnable rock behind them.

LET THEM FEEL THAT WHATEVER BEFALLS, WE SHALL NOT FAIL THEM IN SERVICE AND DEVOTION. LET OUR HEROIC ALLIES IN RUSSIA, IN CHINA, IN AMERICA, CATCH NEW INSPIRATION AND BE FORTIFIED THROUGH THE GREATNESS OF OUR SPIRIT IN THE FACE OF DANGER.

Once before we " saved ourselves by our exertions and Europe by our example." We shall do it again if every one of us gives his all.

Ruthless Runstedt was Chosen

He knows that Runstedt, the Prussian aristocrat, has a way of dealing with unruly people of any nationality. There is no man more experienced in the technique of reactionary terror which holds the common people down!

Hitler had a taste of it himself. That was in 1932, when he set out to " conquer " Berlin by force.

Runstedt at the time was military commander of the Berlin garrison and the German Government of the day gave him dictatorial power to deal with the Nazi rowdies.

He seized the chance with relish. These Nazi hordes, who were accustomed to terrorising the population, were suddenly confronted by Runstedt's soldiers. And Runstedt's orders were to break the Nazi terror with military terror.

★ ★

Runstedt won the battle hands down. Scores of Nazis were killed and wounded. The rest dispersed in wild flight. Next day the streets of Berlin were clear of uniformed Nazis. Runstedt decreed that these uniforms must not be worn again.

How Hitler hated this man! He was reluctant to recall him to active service when war broke out, but Germany's military caste told him they could not do without their key general.

So Runstedt returned, but Hitler took the first opportunity to sack him again when he failed in the winter war against the Russians in the Ukraine.

★ ★ ★

The threat of the new European Front brought him back to Hitler's mind.

Here, obviously, was the man he needed. What succeeded against Hitler's Nazis in 1932, the ability to suppress dangerous crowds, must be applied against Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Belgians—against any people on the Continent friendly to Britain's cause and prepared to aid it in that supreme hour when the Forces of the United Nations again cross the water.

W. P.

Europe's Chain Gang Will Turn on Hitler

BEFORE the year is out Hitler hopes to force or lure ten million Europeans to Germany as labour slaves.

The methods which he employs to achieve his aim are cruel and heart-rending.

Take a look at France, just across the Channel, where Jean and many of his French compatriots, two years after the defeat of their country, have again settled down to a job in a factory.

They have no idea that the Nazis have just issued orders to shut down the factory within forty-eight hours, and even when they find themselves out of work they do not lose hope of finding another job.

Slave-Dealer Laval

But they get no dole to help them even over a first week of unemployment, and fate in the form of a secret agreement between Laval and Hitler hits them cruelly when they besiege the local employment exchange.

Before they know what is happening to them they are bundled into lorries; and find themselves on a non-stop train to Germany.

Crowded into primitive, makeshift barracks, guarded on all sides by S.A. brownshirts with bayonets and machine-guns, they realise too late that they have been abducted, press-ganged into slavery.

While French women cry their eyes out, while their children starve at home, slimy Fascist supervisors assure them that their families will be well looked after, but that it is "technically impossible" for them to communicate with them "just yet."

What trickery does in France is done by brute force in Poland. Poles between sixteen and sixty are taken to Germany like cattle in trucks, seventy or eighty men crowded into carriages made for half their number.

If they are not strong and fit enough to work they are sent to an "institution."

In utter loneliness, living like caged animals, starving and exhausted, Hitler's Polish labour slaves are forced to work for the Nazi victor until they drop and die.

Italian workers, supplied to Hitler by Mussolini, have been promised heaven on earth in Germany. But once they are under Nazi rule they are quickly disillusioned.

They are subject to Nazi labour laws, which treat every sort of complaint or criticism of labour conditions as "civilian mutiny" and punish the offenders savagely.

Latest reports indicate that Europe's workers in chains in Germany are building up a solid united front.

One Cause—Hate

They are, wherever they come from, united in their hatred of the oppressor. French, Poles, Czechs, Norwegians, Hitler's allies from Italy, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria realise that only Hitler's defeat can give them their freedom again.

In their own way they are trying to work—for Hitler's defeat. And even German workers are reported to be fraternising with them.

This Fifth Column of degraded, outraged, furious, weak, but determined European workers in Germany will, one day, be a valuable ally of the United Nations.

RAMP IN FURNITURE PRICES IS MADE LEGAL!

AS one who has consistently condemned all profiteering I welcomed the "Furniture Price Control Order" which the Board of Trade issued early in May.

Control was long overdue, because prices of domestic furniture had been allowed to soar to as much as 400 per cent. above pre-war standards.

Although the Order has not been in force very long, it is clear already that loopholes are being exploited right and left.

Just a Farce

Prices are supposed to be pegged at their "lawful" level on May 1, but it is not clear what safeguard there is.

It would seem that any furniture that was marked up excessively on the day the Order came into force can still be sold with impunity.

Promise of utility furniture at controlled prices won't stop the existing ramp.

Of course, unscrupulous dealers are ready enough with excuses. "Increased wages" and "cost of living allowances" are two favourite "explanations."

Over two years ago the Joint Industrial Council of the National Amalgamated Furniture Trades' Association took steps to stabilise wages throughout the industry, and secured an average increase of 3½d. an hour to meet living costs.

So anyone who thinks that accounts for prices leaping by 400 per cent. should think again!

There are legitimate difficulties to be considered. Shortage of timber on the one hand and increased demand due to replacement of bomb-damaged furniture and the growing number of war time weddings.

But again, these reasons hardly justify profiteering.

Now for some of the loopholes.

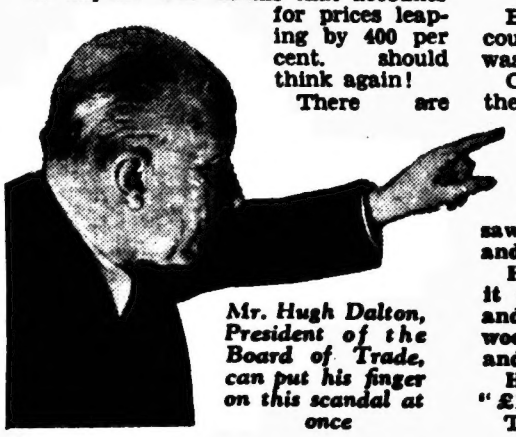
Nothing is said in the Price Control Order about design. So old furniture can be altered and put forward for sale as a new item.

It can then command a new price which, ironically enough, becomes the standard price for that article.

For example, a dining-room table might have been marked at £20 on May 1. The dealer could alter the legs and then send it to the showroom as a "new" offer at £30!

There is nothing in the regulations to prevent this or similar subterfuges.

When my representative asked the Board of Trade what was meant by "lawful" level he was told that the word was simply used to encourage buyers who suspected swindling to complain to their local Price Regulation Committee.



Mr. Hugh Dalton, President of the Board of Trade, can put his finger on this scandal at once

Cheap Wood

But surely only an expert in the trade could say for certain whether a price was unfair?

One such expert has admitted that there are "more chances for robbery in the furniture trade than in any other."

Recently he visited a certain shop in London which specialises in furnishing workmen's homes. He saw a dining-room suite marked £90 and described as "walnut."

His practised eye soon detected that it was of inferior quality. Both table and sideboard had camouflaged beech-wood legs. The tops were whitewood and veneer. Chairs were beechwood, too.

He valued it to my representative as "£15 pre-war."

The same expert has seen other suites on sale to-day which he declares to be made up from packing-case wood, wood substitutes and even cardboard.

Then there is the "Plus" racket, by which some manufacturers seek to squeeze extra profits from retailers.

The retailer is offered, say, a cheap suite, faked to look something it is not, for £30.

But, he is told, if he cares to pay £32 10s. he can have half a dozen similar suites Or. by paying £37 10s., he could have three dozen!

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

This, of course, is a complete reversal of the pre-war system, when retailers would be offered a reduction for quantity orders.

And if the retailer finds himself being "squeezed" for extra profit by the manufacturer he sees no reason why he shouldn't "get his own back" from his customers.

I am told of one instance where an inferior suite was offered for about seven times its pre-war value for a deposit of 33 1-3rd and payment of 10s. 6d. a week for three years!

And I need scarcely add that all reputable furniture firms of national standing would be the first to welcome regulations which would put the unscrupulous dealers out of business.

"Unexpected Letter" Snare

THOUGH they do not know it, there are thousands of men and women who should always be on the look out for an "Unexpected Letter."

They are generous and regular supporters of charity appeals, whose names and addresses can be easily obtained from agents who specialise in compiling lists of "certain" donors.

★ ★ ★

Then there are well-to-do people who have recently lost a relative either through war service or as the result of an accident.

Finally, there are beneficiaries under wills which have also been given prominence in the papers.

Writers of "unexpected letters" are constantly on the look out for such people.

These harpies send out hundreds of varied epistles every year, all with a special theme which they know will have its particular appeal for the recipient.

One veteran in the racket, a man of education who has been a ne'er-do-well all his life, has made as much as £1,500 a year. His letters are turned out almost by mass production.

Until a few years ago he used to write to the relatives of men killed in the last war, claiming close friendship with them in earlier days, and beseeching assistance in his "great but temporary troubles."

When that game was played out he started writing to relatives of deceased persons, whose obituary notices he had studied.

Soon after the present war broke out he again began to concentrate on the relatives of Servicemen.

Among many such rascals are some who suggest that "Missing" and "Killed in Action" Servicemen owed them money. They ask "respectfully" for settlement "to avoid unpleasantness in your sad bereavement."

★ ★ ★

Begging letter writers are having things all their own way, too, just now. The amended Charity Acts, which came into force last year and have already put several "old-timer" charity pests out of action, *does not affect them at all.*

It is no offence to write begging letters unless fraudulent intent can be definitely proved.

So be on your guard.

Is Paper Scarce?

IN spite of the paper shortage there is no decrease in the amount of "literature" sent out by mail-order and other fee-snatchers.

Success instructions, secret formulæ, moneymaking schemes, and similar trash are all being offered for sums ranging from a shilling to a guinea.

One unsuspecting reader paid 3s. and in return received fourteen sheets of thick foolscap paper, bearing nothing more valuable than a hotchpotch data of "trade secrets" lifted bodily from reference books.

The amount of money one particular schemer, about whom I am constantly receiving inquiries, pays for printed matter must be very substantial. He sends out several leaflets with each "home work" proposition, and charges 5s. for it.

The money he receives, as hundreds of dupes would testify, could be put to much better use. So could the paper swallowed up.

I know of another firm that sends out pages and pages of printed matter about alleged money-making opportunities. None are worth the smallest measure of support.

If all such catch-penny lures were made the subject of a special investigation saving-paper possibilities would be staggering.

In the third year of the war we cannot afford such waste of paper; nor can readers afford to spend money on rubbish.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

The £1 1s. this week goes to Miss E. Wood, 57, Hercus Loan, Musselburgh, Midlothian, Scotland.

Letters are invited on all matters calling for inquiry or comment. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Stranger Than Fiction

By Waldo Kellar

HE SCHEMED FROM BOYHOOD TO REACH—WHAT?

I AM not by nature a *very* malicious man. In fact, I am cursed with a temperament that makes me feel personally responsible for the troubles of mankind.

But there are occasions when I find myself chuckling with devilish delight at the tricks fate plays upon men who think they can, by throwing away their manhood, outwit Providence.

When I was a little boy I had a friend called Taylor. He and I, with two or three other children of our own age, used to make up the kind of gang.

We had secret signs, passwords, and a language which we thought nobody else on earth could possibly understand.

Before every word we would pronounce the letter "p," so that if one of us said "plet's pgo pto pthe pipictures" it was believed that he was talking something which the uninitiated might regard as Chinese.

Sometimes we wore black masks, and carried wooden daggers.

Taylor was a strange boy. I never knew anything about his background, but I rather imagine that he had been carefully educated in principles of caution, cunning, and economy.

We tolerated him mainly on account of his capacity for cold scheming. He could lie his way out of anything. But we never liked him because he was mean—"stingy" as we used to call it—and that kind of thing is anathema to a healthy boy.

He was always saving money and making plans to get it.

He would walk a mile for a penny, and when he had got that penny he would save it.

But we never liked him because he was mean—"stingy" as we call it—and that kind of thing is anathema to a healthy boy

He was about twelve years old when I left his neighbourhood, and I did not see him again for about eight years.

Then, one day in Paddington Station, I caught sight of a familiar face—it was Taylor. He had not changed a bit. He still looked like the skinny, quick-eyed, money-grubbing youth with whom I had played so long before.

He was still ill-dressed and anxious in his manner. His eye was still calculating. I spoke to him and asked him how he was getting on.

He said that he was getting along pretty fairly. He had a regular job, which offered him the certainty of a steady income.

Was there any chance of his rising to great heights in this job? He leered cunningly. "No, but there's a pension, and you're sure of your wages every week."

"Are you still saving money?" I asked.

"Every farthing I can," he said.

"Going to start something of your own, I suppose, when you've got enough saved up?"

"Not me," he said.

"Then what are you saving up for?"

"When I'm forty-five," he said, "I want to retire. I'm sewing up every penny I can in endowment policies. There's a superannuation scheme where I work. By the time I'm forty-five I calculate that I ought to be able to do nothing for the rest of my life on an income of something like eleven pounds a week."

It was Taylor's life, and I suppose he was entitled to do what he liked with it.

But it did seem absurd that a man should throw away his youth in order to become stagnant in middle age.

Then I thought no more about it, and five more years passed, and I met Taylor outside a café in the City. We talked. I asked him if he was married.

"Good Lord, no," he said. "What for? That's where people make a big mistake. You get married. You saddle yourself with a wife, and probably some children. It's a steady drain on whatever your income is."

"Of course, if you can find a woman who isn't too bad-looking and has a really decent sum of money of her own, then maybe the idea's worth while. But to go and tie yourself by the leg for life seems to be just plain foolishness."

"But what, in the name of Heaven, do you expect to *get* out of all this?" I asked.

"Security," he replied. "I like things to be certain and safe. Better to be safe than sorry, you know."

THE imbecile cockiness of this absurd man irritated and disgusted me. I left him, then; and by the way—it was Taylor who was responsible for my aversion from insurance policies.

Whenever an agent has spoken to me of the advantages of endowment policies I have thought of Taylor, and have said "No!" with quite unnecessary violence.

When I saw him next time he was about thirty years old, but there was a certain air of senility about him—that air of age and care that a man gets through too much preoccupation with little matters of Self.

A man who locks himself up within himself, and cuts himself off from all proper human intercourse, runs to seed like a man in solitary confinement.

"Married, Taylor?"

"Some hope."

"Still saving up?"

"That's my business," he said, but then the idiot vainglory of that man had to find some expression, and he added: "I ought to be able to retire at forty."

"Cigarette?"

"Don't smoke."

"Drink?"

"Don't drink."

"Are you coming my way? I'm catching this bus."

"Why should I make the General Omnibus Company rich? Have you ever worked out how much you spend in a year on transport alone? Whereas, you need only get up a little earlier in the morning, and you can walk."

"Good-bye, then."

Time passed. I went about my business and my pleasure, and I never made a fortune, and if I had done I should, no doubt, have spent it, thank God.

And one day I had to call at the offices of a certain electricity company, and there I saw Taylor. He had some sort of Chief Clerk's position, some little brief authority.

Although he was scarcely more than thirty-five years old, he had aged so that if I had seen him standing in a bus, and hadn't known him, I would have offered him my seat.

I said: "Still thinking of retiring at forty?"

He replied: "I *shall* retire at forty too! When you're still working away I shall be doing nothing."

"That'll be nice for you," I said, with irony.

Taylor, very seriously, said: "Only fools work."

And an awful and blinding light broke upon me. That poor wretch had been working himself like a calculating machine, rising at six to save a two-penny bus fare, denying himself everything in life except the dreariest kind of routine work—because he was lazy!

He didn't want to do anything at all. Hating activity, terrified of poverty, he was keeping himself busy and poor . . . in order to spend the last half of his life with a sufficiency and nothing to do.

Last year I had occasion to go to that office again. Taylor wasn't there. I asked if he had retired. A lady clerk said: "He was going to, but he was killed in the blitz."

WHERE THE JOKE COMES IN

ON an Underground train in London, the other day, a Cockney born and bred, but puzzled as only a Cockney in London can be, asked a Canadian soldier by his side if he was right for Earl's Court.

"Don't ask me," said the Canadian; "I'm only the boy about the place!"

And he went on laughing for two stations.

★ ★ ★

He had probably only been in London a week or two. Being asked his way about London by a native-born Londoner will by now have become his funniest story of the war.

The funniest story of the war. . . .

"This is no laughing matter," says the current song. War never is. Nor is having a tooth out. But, a week later, when you describe the dentist's face, you have the whole household laughing. Laughter which would never have come about but for having your tooth out.

Some years after the last war a famous newspaper, asking its readers for their funniest story of the war, offered half a guinea for every story published. And it went on paying out half-guineas for months.

You'd have thought that the last war was nothing but a laughing match.

Made as we are, looking back on anything—from a war to a tooth extraction—it's the funny bits that stick out.

It's the sunny days and not the rainy days of a seaside holiday that we save in our albums—not only the one on the piano, but the one in our memory.

The hopeful thing about the human race is that it *wants to laugh*. It doesn't always get a lot of encouragement, but give it the slightest chance and it will take it.

After the last war we remembered thousands and thousands of "funniest stories of the war." In a few years time we shall be remembering thousands and thousands of the funniest stories of *this* war. Being made that way.

In 1962 or 1972 that Canadian soldier will throw on a fresh log in his shack in Alberta or somewhere and say to his grandchildren:

"Yeah, I remember durin' the war, I was in London, on the Underground, an' a little squit of a Londoner on the train. . . ."

His funniest story of the war.

All over the place, in all corners of the country and in all corners of the Empire, stories will begin on those lines.

"I remember during the war, it was the night of the biggest blitz on the City. . . ."

"I remember during the war, it was that time we had the news that Rommel had pushed us out of Libya. . . ."

"I remember during the war, it was the afternoon we heard that France had packed up. . . ."

★ ★ ★

Grim times, but funny stories. "The funniest stories of the war. . . ." Stories that will earn half-guineas for somebody ten years or so from now. Stories that will make grandchildren rock with laughter round firesides that are not yet built.

Funny stories. War or no war, *funny stories*.

And they're happening *now*, all around us. War or no war, people are already beginning to collect them and save them up, ready when the time comes to look back on them and rock with laughter.

Grim times, these war times. Yes. But it's in the midst of them, now, today, that the joke comes in.

Keep your eyes open.

WILL SCOTT.

Human Machine

YOU CAN SHARE IT

● If you feel cheerful let others see it. Don't be shy. It isn't a crime even in these days.

No one can measure the amount of good done by a really genuinely cheerful person, not a fatuous and exuberant optimist, not one of those tiresome people who are "the life and soul of the party," but just by one of those very rare people who feel it's a joy just to be alive, and who radiate healthy and spontaneous good spirits.

There are plenty of hilarious people, self-satisfied, excited and noisy people . . . pessimists in plenty, and grumblers galore; but people who are full of simple good cheer are not plentiful.

So many people feel cheerful but are ashamed to show it. Why?

C. H. Spurgeon once put it in a nutshell as far as religion was concerned, but exactly the same thing applies to cheerfulness and good nature. "I would not give much for your religion," he said, "unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk—but they shine."

"A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong; and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner."

"So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious."

Substitute "cheerfulness" for "religion" and you have it. Maybe, indeed, they are pretty much the same thing.

Army's Grocer now Deals in Armour

THEY ALL FIGHT NOW!

★ Most people still think of the R.A.S.C. as grocers. They are, of course, but in this new kind of warfare they make other deliveries—right in the firing line

By MAURICE FAGENCE

Tanks and other monster machines are now delivered by the R.A.S.C. lads as promptly as the rations

I HEARD the tramp, tramp of feet before the troops came into view.

"Just arriving back from Iceland," the Brigadier told me. "They're the men to talk to if you want to know what the Royal Army Service Corps is doing in this war."

So a delightfully informal little talk was arranged.

Officers and men of the R.A.S.C. came crowding into the commanding officer's room together to tell me proudly about their Corps.

"Kemp's the man to express himself about the people who think we are a crowd of non-fighting Army grocers," said a captain in the party.

So Private Kemp, hefty, round-faced and blushing like a schoolgirl, began:

"People don't know that supply columns, which have the most unenvied job in the desert, are manned by Royal Army Service Corps," he said.

"Jerry is always looking for them—and they have to deliver the goods whether blitzed or not.

"We haven't had the luck to be in the scrapping, but we're not ashamed of what we've done.

Over a Cliff

"One Sunday we went to do a quick job twenty-one miles away—and got back the next Friday.

"We travelled across Iceland with visibility half a car bonnet, and lost half our convoy over a cliff.

"You can't realise what those blizzards are like. You can lean on the wind—or your feet go up and down and you don't move.

"You get that wind with fifty degrees of frost."

And now another of the privates invited Kemp to "tell the gentleman about Norvil."

Norvil, I learned, was a private given the job of bathroom attendant. A fine bathroom was built for him, and one day Private Norvil decided to have a dip himself.

A blizzard blew up while he was in the bath, and, to use Private Kemp's words:

"Suddenly the roof lifted off the place, and the suction pulled him through the gap and into the air. He mightn't have gone far, but he had clutched a bit of piping that had come away with part of the hut, and so he was blown right up in the air."

There then came a few confirmatory statements from other privates in the conference.

One told how he left the camp to put a lorry sheet on more securely, and, turning round, found no camp there.

Lorry Fights Gale

Another was lifted by the wind on leaving his hut and carried thirty yards.

A third found himself going backwards when trying to reach the camp. He resorted to running—but still went backwards. Eventually the captain had to turn a lorry out to rescue him.

The men preferred to speak of incidents like that—but the officers were more concerned in paying tributes to the men.

A lieutenant told me it took three days there and three days back to take food, mail and other supplies to some units that were actually quite near at hand. Roads were just continuous stretches of huge pot-holes.

It was on one of the worst days that the first Americans arrived. The U.S. marines brought the stores ashore in lighters, the Royal Army Service Corps taking their lorries down to the water's edge to complete the journey.

One of the American officers announced to his men that they would be "working till nightfall."

A wail of dismay went up—for the Americans had already been informed by the British troops that there was continuous daylight at that time of the year and would be no dusk for some weeks!

They're Fully Armed

I was given stories of what the Royal Army Service Corps has done in other theatres of war.

It was a brigadier who told me this:

When this war broke out, one of our ablest staff officers held the view that the R.A.S.C. should be non-combatant, as it was years ago when known as the Royal Waggon Train.

But it was decided to make it a hundred per cent. fighting service, fully armed with every type of weapon.

It has been fully combatant for the last fifty years, of course, but weapons have been issued to it grudgingly.

That staff officer went to France. In the great retreat he motored down a by-road to reconnoitre for stragglers.

A platoon of German infantry appeared from the ditch, killed the R.A.S.C. driver, set fire to the car, and seriously injured the staff officer.

But as he rolled down an embankment he was dimly conscious of the arrival of a lorry.

It stopped. Its two R.A.S.C. drivers jumped out, one with a Bren gun, the other with a rifle.

They pumped lead into the astonished German platoon, knocking out seven, capturing six. The rest fled.

Then they rescued the officer. When he left hospital he went to the brigadier who told me this story, still wearing his bandages, and said: "About my suggestion that the Royal Army Service Corps shouldn't be armed—I think I was wrong!"

And now a story from the Western Desert.

The officer of an M.T. company of the R.A.S.C. told me how his unit was detailed to carry a brigade of infantry from somewhere near Alexandria to deliver a surprise assault on a strongly held Italian position.

There was no defined route to follow. The journey of 280 miles was itself an epic of endurance and skilful desert driving.

On the third day the enemy's position was approached and found to command the whole arid plain for many miles.

To dismount under cover of natural features, or even under the kindly cloak of darkness, was out of the question. So a daring course was decided on.

The lorries were driven straight at the position, dropping the troops at anything from 200 to 500 yards from the stronghold according to the plans of the various battalion commanders.

It meant that the last three miles were covered under a hail of shells, bombs from aircraft, and machine-gun and rifle bullets.

While the infantry sailed in with the infantry the M.T. company sought to disperse its vehicles and take up some sort of fighting position—but before this could be accomplished 75 of its 100 lorries were knocked out by shell fire, and a quarter of its men were down.

But the position was stormed. Every surviving Italian was taken prisoner. And back went the battered, tattered one-quarter of the M.T. column—an answer to those foolish people who believe that the Royal Army Service Corps exists to bake bread in safe billets.

All these stories were told to me when I stayed for some days in one of the biggest Royal Army Service Corps centres in the kingdom—one of the biggest of all time.

Every Unit a Team

Here were assembled R.A.S.C. supply columns, whose heroic work in the recent desperate fighting in Libya you will hear about one day soon.

No branch of the British Army fought better than this Corps, whom so many people still imagine to be a behind-the-lines affair.

But among the units we are assembling here to-day are those that will play their part in the invasion of Europe.

Every unit is being built up as a team—a happy team. The officer who doesn't quite fit in is pulled out and tried elsewhere. So is the private who thinks that "somebody is against him."

The monster machines of war with which they are equipped—some of which I was permitted to try—would stagger you by reason of their size, power, and costliness.

I felt, as I looked round, that I was taking a first peep at the Second Front. I will tell you about it next week.

WHAT WILL SHE DO AFTER WAR

by HUMANIST

FINAL victory may be farther or nearer than it actually looks. There will, undoubtedly, be ups and downs on the way, but it is significant that we are thinking seriously about ultimate peace.

"What is to happen to women after the war?" *asks a member of the A.T.S.* **"Uniformed service has given us a taste of larger life and a wider outlook. Many of us don't want to go back to humdrum existence in shops or offices.**

"At one time marriage seemed to be the only adventure for a woman, but Service girls to-day do not accept that. We know there are bigger spheres of action open to us. The war has taken us from our homes, often for the first time, and now we have discovered freedom we don't want to lose it.

"Maybe some of us will be glad to return to domestic life as wives and mothers, but what of the others who do not regard that as an ideal existence. I am certain that hundreds of girls would like to know your opinion on the subject.

The same problem faces men, as it did at the end of the last war. The young man was taken from a grocery shop or bank and suddenly transported to France, India, Egypt, or Mesopotamia.

He had the life-and-death adventure which he had dreamed about when he read schoolboy thrillers. He wandered in towns which belonged to the Arabian Nights. The idea of returning to a tame civilian life filled him with dismay.

On the other hand, thousands of men long for nothing better than peaceful existence.

The so-called pleasures of freedom quickly pall, and "adventure" is often a disillusion. The sane, normal routine of daily life will appear immensely desirable when the fever of war has abated.

Married life may be thoroughly humdrum or an unending adventure. It depends entirely upon the young people themselves.

QUITE a thoughtful letter about another problem comes from an older woman.

"I should like to know your opinion on this new youth movement," *she says.* **"You see, I am a widow with three children—two boys and a girl. The elder lad is twelve and terribly keen to join. Myself, I'm rather against it.**

"It seems to me that we are now doing the very things Germany did years ago

GIVING ALL

ALL that they have they are giving, but what are we giving as well? A little bit of our comfort while in action *they fight in War's Hell. A little bit of our money, a little less smokes and drink, a little of this and a little of that, a* LITTLE, *but not* ALL, *I think.*

AND they're pouring out their Life's givings, they're refusing to count the cost, they give all they have and they lose all they have, *till there's no more to be given or lost. They are making their flesh a bulwark against things that we read of with awe, they are making their spirit a bastion against every Horror of War.*

ALL that they have they are giving, their hopes like gold rivers run, their courage is glorious and deathless, their faith like the rays of God's sun. And though we're working all out *to support them,* can we really do nothing more? *Do we take every chance, and use every chance, to fight and to win this War?*

ONLY our hearts know that Answer, only our souls can reply to the Question of Questions, what did we give, or what did we let slip by? Leaving it to the others to do our bit more than their share, and to struggle and die 'neath that extra weight, which we know that we ought to bear.

ALL THAT THEY HAVE THEY ARE GIVING, *every hour, every night, every day. Can't we help them to finish War's story in the only possible way? And that is to all pull together, to* SACRIFICE TILL IT MEANS PAIN. *For that way, and that way* ONLY, *can we ever* TRUE VICTORY ATTAIN.

J. M.

A new freedom has been given to girls in uniform. Will they want to keep it?

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

EVERY hour of every day, the battle for supremacy in the Mediterranean goes on.

Everything in the Near East depends on the outcome of it.

If you don't realise what it means to the average sailor striving to fight his way through, read this letter from a French prison camp.

The writer is Norman Halliday, formerly First Officer of the tramp steamer "Empire Guillemot." His address, Macheria Camp, South Algeria. The recipient, his brother William, living at Prince Edward Road, South Shields:

We had discharged our cargo of munitions at Malta, and were homeward bound.

I had composed myself for an afternoon's nap when there came the sound of heavy gunfire.

Struggling to my feet, I heard the roar of 'plane engines, and then came a tremendous crash that brought everything movable in my room to the deck.

A heavy bomb had hit us in Number Five hold, killing the fourth engineer. We had to abandon ship immediately.

* * *

Three 'planes, which proved to be Italians, circled us at a safe distance until they saw the boats pull clear. We all said a prayer when they finally disappeared. Perhaps we were fortunate they were Italians.

I pulled to the captain's boat and we decided to sail to Gibraltar, 600 miles to the westward.

The dark hills of North Africa could be seen to southward, but we knew our fate should we land on French territory.

It soon became apparent that the boat compass was hopelessly unreliable. We would have to make our way by guesswork.

I began to estimate how long provisions would last. I reckoned that the 25 of us would have food and water, strictly rationed, for 17 days—enough to get us to Gibraltar with great luck.

But that meant good weather throughout, and next morning a violent gale sprang up.

* * *

In the early afternoon I saw the captain's boat, about half a mile ahead, take in sail.

As we surged past he told us he was going to ride to his sea anchor.

We decided to carry on.

Alone through the afternoon and evening, we raced ahead. But at last we were forced to stream the sea anchor.

The wind was blowing on to the African coast, and unless we could check drift we were in a bad position.

It was a terribly anxious night. We were tossed like a tiny chip of wood.

The purplish hills we wanted to avoid came nearer next day. We made a dangerous attempt to beat to windward. We tried the oars, but we knew the futility of it before we tried it.

★ ONE GUINEA will now be paid for each FORCES LETTER published—and more if a good adventure story is used at greater length. All Forces letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Before dark, we knew that we would strike somewhere during the night unless the wind mercifully eased. But we could not throw away our chances of liberty in broad daylight.

And, in the night, we struck. With the sea breaking in confused, high masses, we sensed the proximity of land. A huge breaker appeared from nowhere, and the boat was over.

I came up from underneath it, and knew no more after a desperate fight to get clear.

The water revolved me for an eternity like a catherine wheel before it flung me ashore. But ten of our number were never washed ashore alive. They died in those terrible breakers.

We were taken to hospital at Bona and placed where we could see the beacon. Where we had struck was the only gap in miles of submerged rock—with breakers lashing on them with wild fury—where we could have got through with any safety.

We were moved to the prison camp. And there we saw more prisoners being brought in, beaten after another terrible ordeal.

They were the occupants of the captain's boat.

A BIG MISTAKE

And now a letter from Sergt. C. M. Ward (101234), to his home at Melville Road, Leeds:

I went to find Teddy's (his brother's) unit, when I saw a Red-Cap.

I asked him the way.

He said: "I'll take you."

And he took me to a place where he read out an absolute description of myself.

This, he told me, was the description of a much-wanted German spy.

My pay-book wasn't accepted as proof of identity. I was escorted back to my unit, where there were certain explanations.

Then, with apologies from the Military Police, I was released.

But now, damn it, every man in the unit calls me "Jerry."

---

hat I want to know is whether it is ing to make our wee lads war-minded callous as it has done in enemy tries. Or is it a movement which give them a good, clean, healthy and al-minded outlook on life? I know a number of mothers situated as I who are wondering what is best for ir boys."

The youth movements in Germany and ly were deliberately planned to pre- them for war. Our own movement no such aim. Two factors have in- ced us: (1) The increase in juvenile during recent years; (2) the dis- very that we have neglected our young ple at a critical period in their lives. During the 'teens young boys and girls restive, full of energy, and apt to be ody.

Most of them lose touch with school and plunge into the business of earn- a living. They are at the mercy of unding influences.

ey need good leaders, good comrade- , and definite things to do. The at success of the Scout and Guide vements is due to the fact that their nders understood young people and aled to the best in them.

To cut a boy or girl off from educa- al influences at fourteen or fifteen as foolish as cutting down trees re they begin to bear fruit. I can ure the writer of the letter that her will not be trained for war purposes. will be taught to make the most of abilities which are still latent hin him.

JUST sixteen, and earning his own living, a boy writes a sad letter.

"Since we were babies," *he writes*, have never been allowed to play other children. When we go home have to stay in the house or work in garden till bedtime. I have only been a cinema about half-a-dozen times in life.

I dare not ask my father's permission go out. He is always thrashing me. I most of my money to my mother the rest goes to war savings."

There is not room to quote all the ter, but the above is sufficient to show at is wrong. The boy is treated like a oner. He wants to escape, and he uld be justified in getting away from a home. If he were allowed to join nearest youth group, he might be onably happy.

It is horrible to grow to manhood and no pleasant memories of early That father will discover his take when it is too late.

IF YOU ARE QUOTED

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

CAN WHITEHALL BE THINNED?

● Even the Civil Service Clerical Association now protests that there are thousands of surplus employees in Whitehall.

"If the Ministries could be persuaded to release them," is the allegation, "they could be usefully employed on essential war jobs."

More and more, Whitehall becomes not so much a machine of victory as an obstruction.

Overstaffing is notorious—and the result of this is that unwanted officials with nothing else to do find for themselves jobs in which they impede effort and choke even more the stream of public business.

In some factory or workshop, these unnecessary clerks might be helping to win the war.

ARE BOROUGH COUNCILS SELFISH?

● Some towns have behaved splendidly in the war. Others have adopted dog-in-the-manger policies.

Norwich insisted on C.O.s remaining in the borough's service. But, if the Germans arrived and said, "We want your town hall," what would a C.O. clerk do? He couldn't, because of his conscience, hit one of them on the jaw!

Wimbledon, amid the yells of ratepayers, has voted its chief electrical engineer a pension of £2,426.

Wembley forbids its employees to join the Home Guard!

Other councils refused to allow their staff to join up.

These grim times demand new methods in every part of the body politic. But some corporations still behave as though we were living in the sunshine of peace.

Really, Ernest Brown should do something about it.

WHAT IS IMPEACHMENT?

● Suddenly, after hearing Oliver Lyttelton's statement in the War debate, Clement Davies demanded the impeachment of the Ministers concerned.

Impeachment means the arraignment of a public officer for misconduct while in office.

It is the privilege of the Commons to impeach and the right of the Lords to try to determine the impeachment.

Impeachment, though, has become almost obsolete owing to the fact that Ministers are now jointly responsible to Parliament. Persons found guilty may be reprieved or pardoned like anyone else who is convicted.

The last impeachments were those of Warren Hastings (1788-1795) and Lord Melville (1806).

There was an unsuccessful attempt to impeach Lord Palmerston in 1848.

WHY MUST WE PLAN THE FUTURE NOW?

● "Finish the war first," demand some. "Leave the peace till when it comes."

What would they say if peace came suddenly, and there were no plans for finding work for 5,000,000 men released from the Forces and no homes for countless thousands of them to live in?

There must be a plan for employment and building.

Naturally, building houses involves the planning of towns or you soon have new slums and the old jumble of streets. Employment would involve scores of problems which can only be solved by careful planning.

No, planning now might mean revolution.

Besides, the planners are chiefly men and women of a type not needed for immediate problems. They are architects, economists, and thinkers. Many of them are prophets, not doers.

Which do you want—a Plan or Chaos?

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

FIRST starch used (and which stiffened Society's ruffs in Queen Elizabeth's days) came from the corm of the plant cuckoo pint, which grows prolifically here. Why not revive?—C. Webster, Jeremy's Farm, Higham, near Nelson.

* * *

Chancellor, giving income tax concession to wives who go out to work, turns down family allowances. All he has done for the young mother who cannot go out to work is to *reduce* the income tax allowance for her children, at a time when the costs of rearing children are always going up.—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

I went to my greengrocer to get my baby's quota of oranges. He showed me a basketful of bad ones he had been compelled to buy. Good or bad, they count as his quota. Who therefore is to blame if my fruit-starved baby doesn't get its share?—Mrs. N. J. Ferneyhough, Layton Avenue, Mansfield, Notts.

* * *

Normal service leave is seven days, yet ration coupons are issued for 14 days, half of the coupon thus being wasted. Issue a smaller seven-day coupon, and when on rare occasions a man gets 14 days leave give him two of them.—Bombardier W. E. Lovering, Norwich, Norfolk.

Worth a Guinea a Box

To-day there are millions of healthy people who have found in Beecham's Pills the secret of good health. Why don't you adopt this Golden Rule of Health and keep free from every-day ills? Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable—gentle, natural, effective, reliable.

Obtainable everywhere.

PRICES IN GT. BRITAIN
(including Purchase Tax)
1/4 and 3/3 per box
also in Pennyworths

What do I do... if I have snapshots taken abroad?

I go over them carefully to see if they contain views of scenery or buildings, even as background to personal snaps, because these might be of enormous value in the war-effort.

If I have any such prints I write a brief description of the subjects saying where and roughly when they were taken, and send it to "Photographs", Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

But I do not send the prints themselves until the Admiralty writes for them. I remember that views from *any* foreign land may be useful—town or country scenes, inland or seaside.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

LAST LAUGH

B. J. (Middlesbrough).—"I have delivered many radio lectures and every time I suffer agonies before the microphone." You want to get it out of your head that all the suffering is on your side.

BARBER (Ilkeston).—"He is my most pessimistic customer and casts a gloom over the shop every time he comes in." Why not charge him extra for a shave if his face is as long as all that?

N. C. (Canning Town).—"Even nowadays some people seem to spend their lives in a glass case." Or so it seems to the people waiting outside the telephone-box.

F. D. (Knottingley).—"A Rome broadcaster says that Italy regards herself as a staunch ally of Japan." But as their spheres of activity are so far apart little apprehension is felt in Tokio.

G. I. (New Malden).—"I remember an incident at a football match last year when the referee left the field as the siren sounded to take up his duties as a warden." At least that was his story.

H. S. (Harrogate).—"Wild birds come and feed from my hand." There's impatience for you! Can't they wait until you have sown the seed?

A. Y. (Petersfield).—"Hitler never seems to visit areas bombed by the R.A.F." Not in time, anyway.

P. V. (Brighton).—"An allotment is cultivated on the roof of a theatre." Actors much prefer to obtain their vegetables by this method instead of by direct hits from marksmen in the gallery.

W. T. (Tunbridge Wells).—"Before the war Germany dumped thousands of cheap alarm clocks in this country." But it took us some time before we woke up.

O. L. (Cambridge).—"The first time I lectured it was a great ordeal." For your audience?

D. G. (Ashton-under-Lyne).—"Before a theme song reaches the stage it always gets on the wireless." And also on the nerves.

ACTRESS (Hartlebury).—"In spite of the paper shortage, I still get a bill to myself every week." From your landlady?

L. K. (Sheringham).—"We had a cricketing wedding and passed under an archway of bats." We hope no spectators embarrassed the bride by shouting "Well caught!"

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS
"What, stew again!"

Side-Slips

WORCESTER EVENING NEWS AND TIMES:—"TWO PIG fires were put out by six stirrup pump teams working together."

THE LIVERPOOL EXPRESS:—"The officers found him there RIDING in a wardrobe."

BLACKPOOL GAZETTE AND HERALD:—"Damage to public air-raid shelters has been considerably REFUSED since ——— Street fire guards have had them under their care."

EXPRESS ECHO:—". . . the squad will be commanded by another D.F.C. who has EXTINGUISHED himself in operations. . . ."

BEST cooks say BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

—The Best in the World

GOOD FOOD

Fruit and Sugar make good

Short, we're afraid but still being made

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

In packets: 9 powders 7d., 21 for 1/1d. From all chemists, seedsmen, etc.

GREATEST OF THESE

● Near Derby lives Charles Hanson, with his wife and little girl of seven.

He served in the last war, was blown up by a shell, since when his nerves have been so shattered that he has never been able to sleep soundly. Now at the age of forty-four he is a perpetual sufferer from bronchitis, heart trouble and varicose veins, and has only been employed for eight years since 1918.

Desperately anxious to be self-supporting, he joined the A.R.P. last year, but was subsequently discharged through ill-health.

Mrs. Hanson is unable to work outside her home, as she is deaf and in poor health generally.

This applicant's doctor tells us that "Mr. Hanson remained in employment as long as he possibly could, against my wishes. He was most unwilling to give up work, as he wished to support his family."

As this unfortunate family's only regular income is 10s. 6d. from the National Health Insurance, they have to sell their furniture piece by piece to obtain food, as their savings have long since been spent.

Donations for this case should be earmarked "Dire Need" and sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Every penny you send is passed to those in need, as all administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,329

FIRST PRIZE £50

Gunner R. Wheeler, Light A.A. Regiment, Somewhere-in-Britain, for this "Bullet":

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Enough For Everybody—But For Mars' "Lashings."

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£5: A. Spink, 34, Cornwall Rd., Bradford.
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£2: E. Walton, "Glen-maye," Stanthorne, Middlewich.
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WINNING WORDS: 1. Dunce. 2. Never. 3. Lead or Lost. 4. Males. 5. Choler. 6. Act. 7. Brittle. 8. Pomp. 9. Crown. 10. Dark. 11. Gat. 12. Loud. 13. Show. 14. Will.

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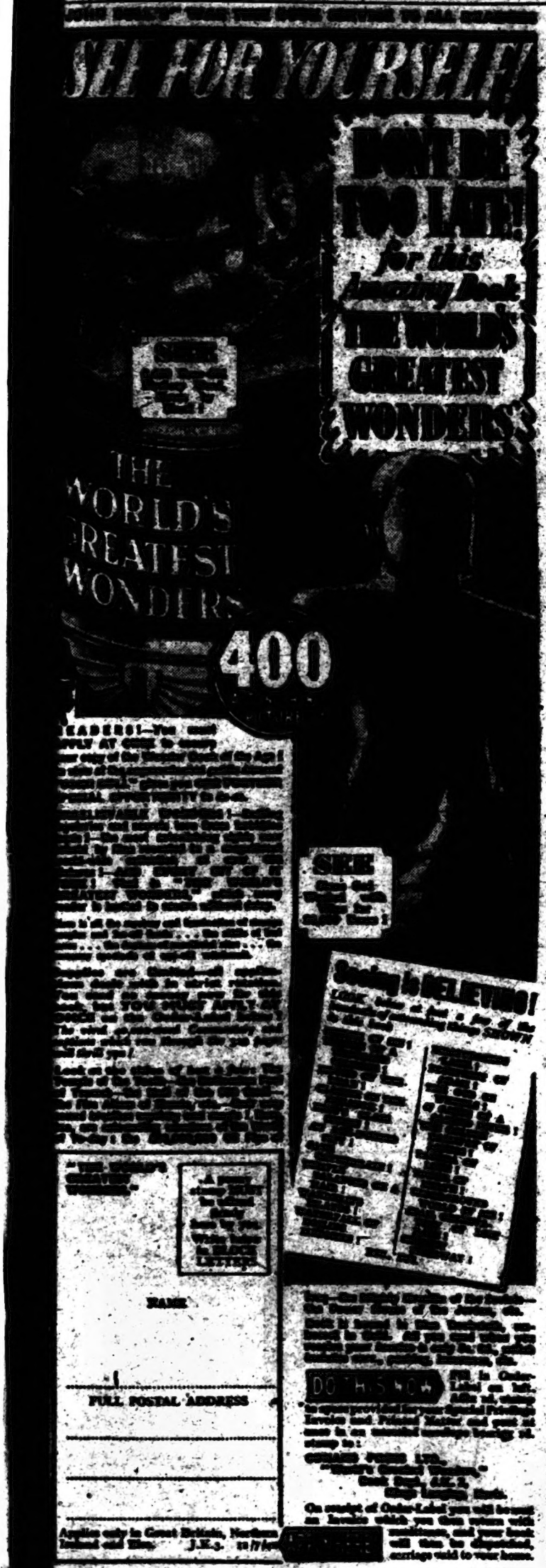
Awards value £25 shared between 75 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340



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LESS
BOOT POLISH

By Government order
all manufacture is reduced
BY HALF

You must reduce consumption
BY HALF

SO—apply
CHERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH
Every OTHER day
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CB/WB

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lavatory easily

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Its thorough cleansing action reaches right into the S-bend at the back.

2 THEN FLUSH—THE BOWL GLEAMS WHITE
Harpic removes all discoloration. The lavatory is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see as well.

★ ★ ★

Nothing equals Harpic. Harpic is a boon for the housewife at the present time. It cleans the pan thoroughly, disinfects and deodorizes too. Just sprinkle in and *leave*. Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic.

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by JAYS two years ago that prices would rise

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A cycle today is a more valuable possession than ever before. Your cycle is a vital link in the transport system of this country. Don't weaken the link!

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"TIBS! They've remembered me at last! They've given me my rations, now I'll protect theirs."

2 WEEKS LATER

"Mistress says I'm a credit to the house 'cause I've mopped up every mouse!"

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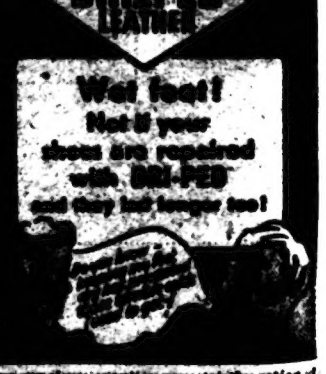
Not if your shoes are repaired with DRI-PED and they look longer too!



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